

THE
BRONCO BOOK
COLLECTOR'S
EDITION



19TH TASS
OSAN AB, KOREA

PROPERTY OF
JOSEPH P. SONA



DEDICATION

Every fighting unit since the earliest days of armed intercourse among humans has claimed certain songs, customs, and contests as their own. Fighter pilots are especially prone to these forms of expression. No doubt the roots of all this go back as far as Von Richthofen, Frank Luke, and Eddie Rickenbacker. So the Broncos dedicate this book to all the fighter pilots who have gone before us.

There's a fireball down there on the hillside,
And I think maybe we've lost a friend
But we'll keep on flying, and we'll keep on dying,
For duty and honor never end.

There's an upended glass on the table,
Down in front of a lone empty chair
Yesterday we were with him, today God be with him,
Forever, he is in your care.

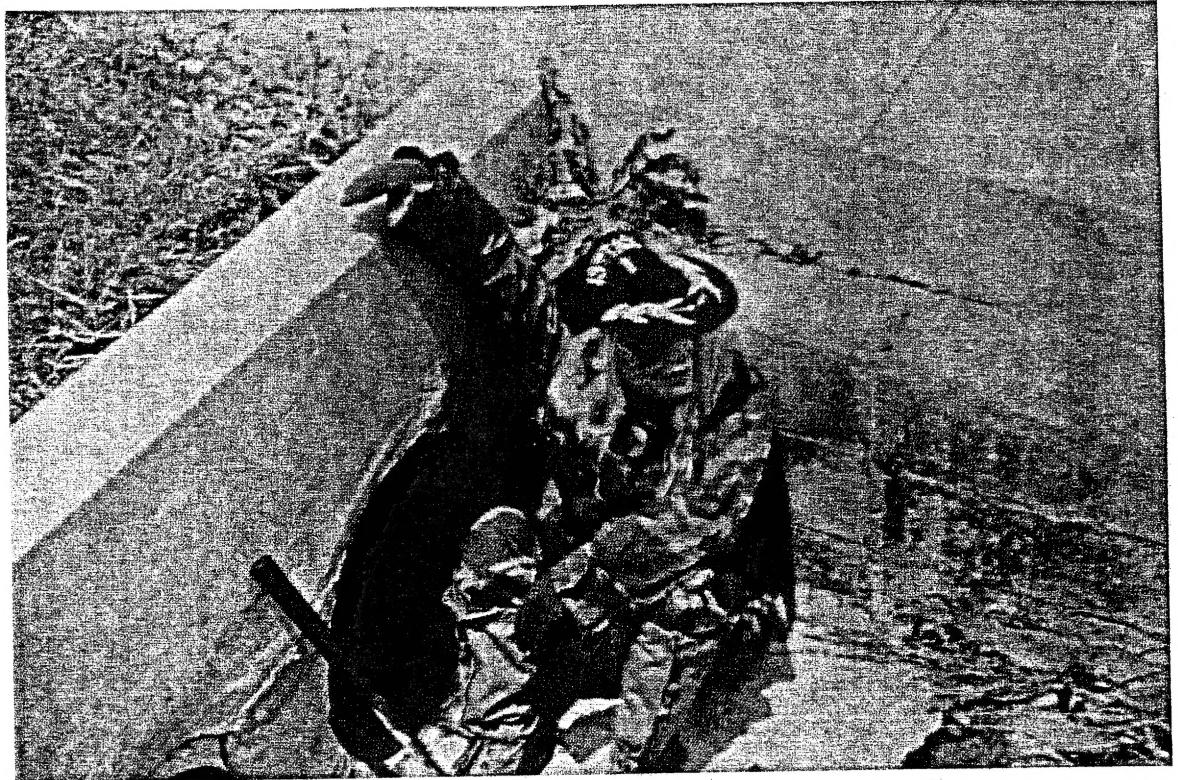
They were four when they took off this morning,
And their duty was there in the sky
Only three ships returning, Blue Four ain't returning,
To Blue Four then hold your glasses high.

There's a fireball down there on the hillside,
And I think maybe we've lost a friend
But we'll keep on flying, and we'll keep on dying,
For duty and honor never end.

FIGHTER PILOT'S TOAST

Here's to me in my sober mood
When I ramble, sit and think
Here's to me in my drunken mood
When I gamble, sin and drink

But when my flying days are over,
And from this world I pass
I hope they bury me upside down
So the world can kiss my ass.



2LT Bruce H. Foonman, USAFRes

2LT Foonman, (Bronco 59) is the senior Bronco FAC in terms of longevity having been assigned to the 19th TASS in March 1950. Born April 1, 1928 in Lompoc, California, Bruce is a graduate of Lompoc High and Central California College of Sanitation Engineering. Since receiving his wings, he has flown many FAC aircraft including the AT-6, O-1E, O-2A, and OV-10A, primarily while preparing for rechecks. His current duties include Benjo Liason Officer (BLO), Chief/19th TASS Ground FAC (Night/All Weather) Training, and primary alert pilot for weekends, holidays, and parties.

WHAT PEOPLE HAVE SAID ABOUT LT FOONMAN

"The only thing we have to fear...."

FDR, 1939

"I shall return,... and he'll still be here."

Douglass MacArthur, 1942

"I'd follow him only out of curiosuty!"

Dwight D. Eisenhower, 1952

"He sets low standards and fails to meet them."

Former Squadron C.O., 1967

" A real good hearted individual, but what a fuckhead!"

His parents, 1969

" Wull, .. all I got to say to you snivelling cowards is that the Foon can ride off into the sunset with me anytime. Grossness and stench don't mean shit. He's got heart and that's what counts in my book."

John Wayne, 1974

THE BRONCO BOOK

A GUIDE TO NO SLACK

PRESENTED BY THE WORLD'S
FINEST FAC'S, SERVING IN
PACAF'S FINEST FIGHTER SQUADRON

1979 FOONMAN PUBLICATIONS, SONG-TAN UP, REPUBLIC OF KOREA

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A WORD OF CAUTION

There is not now, there never has been, and there never will be any slack in the 19th TASS. Some of the material contained in the following pages may be considered offensive by some (or most). So sing on at your own risk. If you want couth or apologies, call the Chaplain.

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BRONCO GAMES

THE FOLLOWING CAN KEEP YOU BUSY DURING BAR-TIME WHEN YOU AREN'T TALKING WITH YOUR HANDS ABOUT FLYING.

OUIJONGBU (FOON'S FAVORITE)

DESC: A game of chance played with 5 dice.

OBJ: To win.

PURP: To promote alcoholism.

BASIC RULES

1. The highest total score at the end of the game buys!
2. Three's count as zero (three's are free) and should be pulled.
3. Roll all 5 dice on first roll.
4. On each roll one die is turned over and that point now showing is the point for that roll.
5. The remaining dice are collected and rolled again.
6. Again a die is turned over and that point is added to the growing total.
7. Repeat 5 and 6 until all dice have become points. Total your score and pass the cup.
8. Remember because three's are free they should be pulled prior to turning the point die over. But, if your last die is a three it must be turned to a four point because of rule 4 in that one die must be turned over.

COMBAT RULES

Violators of these rules buy when "Combat Rules" are in effect.

1. Each player should preflight his ordnance (if he rolls four instead of five, he buys).
2. Insulting the dice.
 - a) If the value of the dice you select as the point dice is already showing on another die and you go ahead and turn over the die instead of just pulling the other die, you buy.
 - b) If you continue rolling when it is impossible to exceed the previous highest point total already rolled, you buy.
3. Stacking the dice.
4. Rolling dice off the bar or table.
5. Asking what the point is.

DOLLAR BILL GAME

A game of chance played with the serial numbers of any bill denomination (kimchee money is legal), to promote the consumtion of any stimulating beverage. The holder of the hammer draws a dollar bill from his wallet. he then asks the smackwad on his left or right to choose first two or last two numbers of the series. Then he asks the person in the opposite direction to guess between 0 - 99. He will state wether that guess was high or low. This is continued around until some fool guesses the number and buys his friends a drink. If play continues around to the hammer, he must take the next closest number by one.

COMBAT RULES

Same as above with the following additions.

1. First two or last two are determined prior to drawing the bill out.
2. The hammer has one look at the bill and places it face down on the table.
3. The hammer responds either high or low only once for each guess. If he forgets, he buys.
4. If anyone has to ask what's high or low, he buys but play continues for another round of drinks.
5. The hammer may claim any number is the point (LIE!!).
6. If the loser doubts the hammer, he may challenge. If the hammer is in error (CAUGHT LYING), the hammer buys. But, if the kill is validated, the loser buys double.
7. Anyone who guesses outside the high or low bracket buys, but the game is continued.

"DECEASED INSECT"

If you don't know how to play "Deceased Insect", ask any FIGHTER PILOT!

21 ACES

A game of chance played with 5 dice and a cup. The Player who rolls the 21st ace buys the round. To begin, the player with the hammer rolls all 5 dice. If he rolls one or more aces he continues rolling all 5 dice again until he does not roll any aces. He then passes the cup to the next player. Each player will continue to roll all 5 dice until the 17th ace is rolled. Then only 4 dice are rolled. One more die is removed for each additional ace rolled, until you have one die left to roll for the 21st ace.

MAJORCA 21 ACES

The game is played the same as above except the player who rolls the 7th ace orders a drink with 4 liquors in it. The player who rolls the 14th ace pays for the drink. The player who rolls the 21st ace drinks!

4,5,6

A game of chance played with three dice with the intent of winning big bucks. The player with the hammer establishes the pot(money). Each player in turn can bet (cover)part or all of the pot. After the entire pot is covered or each player has bet. The hammer establishes the point. He then bets his point individually against each player. The point is the third die when a pair is rolled. The following rules apply.

1. 4,5,6 roll is an automatic winner.
2. 1,2,3 roll is an automatic loser.
3. 6 point is an automatic winner.
4. 1 point is an automatic loser.
5. Trips are an automatic winner.
6. A tie is a push with no money exchanged.

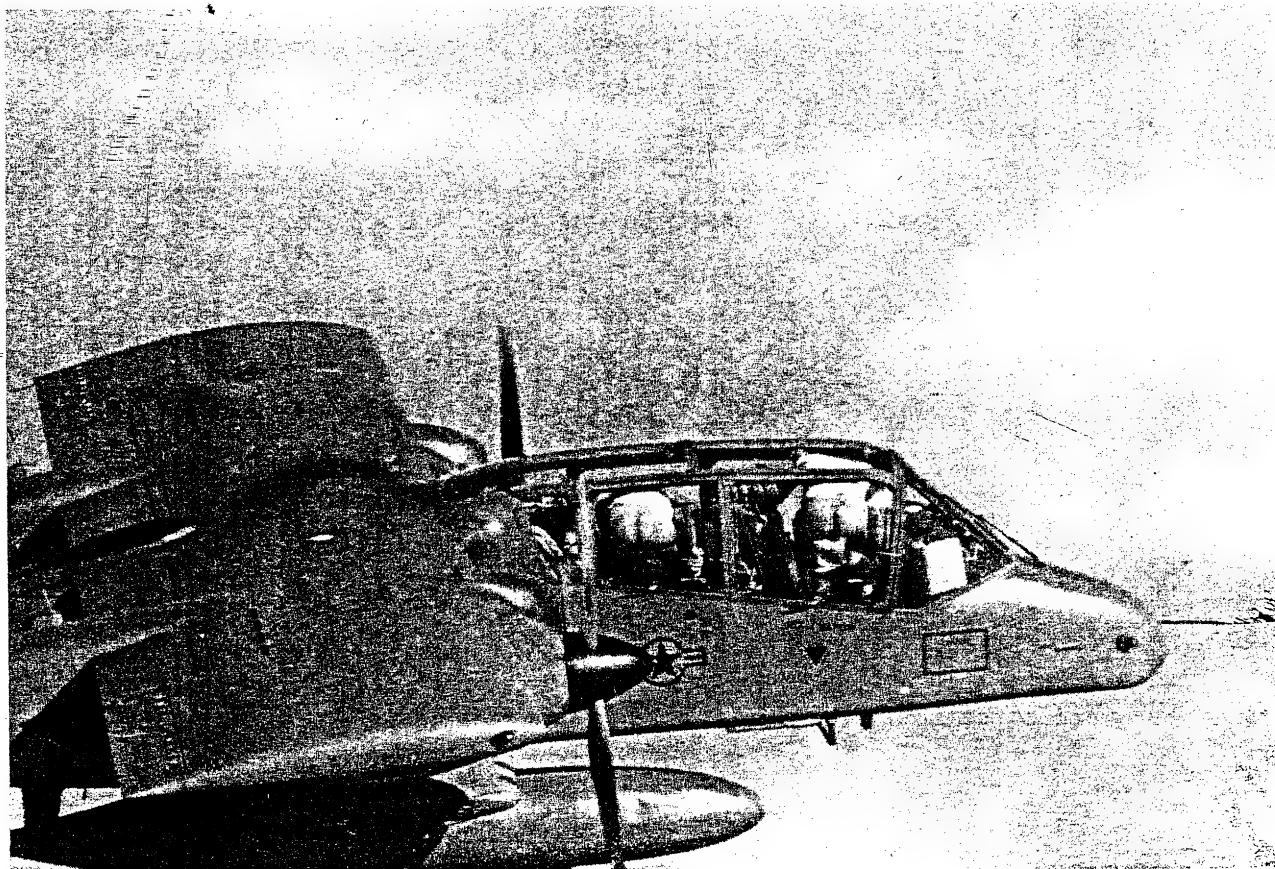
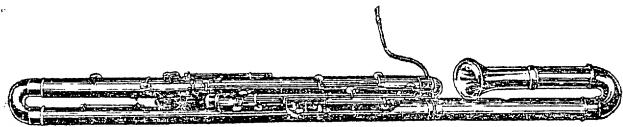
The following rules apply to the pot.

1. Money cannot be pulled from the pot unless the hammer rolls a 4,5,6.

2. The hammer can pull the entire pot but then must pass the dice to the left.

The following rules apply to the sequence of passing the hammer.

1. When an entire pot is lost, the hammer goes to the last bettor.
2. If someone rolls a 4,5,6, he is awarded the hammer at the completion of that round
3. If two or more 4,5,6's are rolled the first one receives the hammer.



BRONCO SONGS

THESE ARE OUR SQUADRON FAVORITES WHICH TELL THE STORY OF OUR
FLYING AND FIGHTING SPIRIT.

DEAR MOM

Dear Mom, your son is dead, he bought the farm today,
he crashed his OV-10 on Kim Il Sung's highway.
He made a rocket pass, and then he busted his ass.
 MMM, MMM, MMM.

He went across the fence to see what he could see,
and there it was, as plain as it could be.
There was a truck on the road, with a big heavy load.
 MMM, MMM, MMM.

He got right on the horn, and gave the DASC a call,
"Send me air, I've got a truck that's stalled."
The DASC said, "That's all right, I'll send you Juvat Flight."
FOR I AM THE POWER!

The Phantoms checked right in, Gunfighters two by two,
low on gas and tanker overdue.
They asked the FAC to mark, just where the truck was parked.
 MMM, MMM, MMM.

The Bronc, he rolled right in, with his smoke to mark,
exactly where that truck was parked.
And the rest is in doubt, cause he never pulled out.
 MMM, MMM, MMM.

(This time with reverence)

Dear Mom, your son is dead, he bought the farm today,
he crashed his OV-10 on Kim Il Sung's highway.
He made a rocket pass, and then he busted his ass.
 HIM, HIM, FUCK HIM!!

How did he go? STRAIGHT IN!
What was he doing? THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE!
Hell of a deal. WHOOEE!

Cocksucker, motherfucker, eat a bag of shit,
Cunt hair, douche bag, bite your Mother's tit.
We're the best Fighter Squadron, all the others suck.
Bronco Fac, Bronco Fac, Rah, Rah, Fuck!



ANOTHER BRONCO SONG

(Tune of: Mama Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys- W. Jennings)

Broncos ain't easy to love, and they're hard to control.
And they'd like to frag MPC for the bullshit they're sold
Boom mikes and earplugs and forty pound map bags,
And prop beat that drives them insane.
If you don't understand them, and most Colonels don't,
You'll think that they're all a big pain.

(CHORUS)

Broncos like mix bags and oscar and small titted yobos,
Little kundingees and nurses and anything in sight.
Them that don't know 'em won't like 'em,
And them that do sometimes don't know how to take 'em.
They ain't wrong they're just different,
And their pride won't let 'em,
Forget that they once strapped on jets.

(CHORUS)

CHORUS

Mama don't let your babies grow up to be Broncos.
Don't let 'em shoot rockets and roll in on trucks,
Let 'em drive Phantoms, and Eagles, and Slufs.

Mama don't let your babies grow up to be Broncos.
They'll never stay sober, they're always hung over,
Even on Saturday Morn.

RED NECK FACER

(Tune of: Red Neck Mother)

Well, he arrived at Osan Air Base,
His yobo's name was Mary Lou Thelma Kim.
He's not responsible for what he's doing,
Cause his commander made him what he is.

(CHORUS)

F is for the fighter I used to fly.
A is for the acceleration I miss so much.
C is for the CAS missions with them there Juvats.
E is for earplugs.
R is for poopy suit RED NECK!

(CHORUS)

CHORUS

And it's up against the wall red neck facer.
Facer who has loved the plane so well.
It's ten foot two and sittin' in a wonder arch.
Just flaming out and rusting all to hell.

BRONCO FROM BUL GO KI
(Tune of: Okkie From Muskogee)



We don't make a party out of Faccin'.
We still give our business to Miss Chu.
We don't get no VD down at the Hilltop.
Like the Juvats down at Kunsan Air Base do.

(CHORUS)

We don't get our kicks out of extending.
We just grow a beak beyond compare.
And if I had to stay here one day longer.
Take an OV-10 and stick it in your ear.

(CHORUS)

In Bul Go Ki Osan Air Base ROK!

CHORUS

I'm proud to be a BRONCO from BulGo Ki.
A place where even FAC's can have a ball.
We still eat our mix bags down in the alley.
Put a bag on her head and imagine that she's tall!

I'M A NAIL

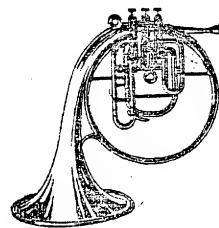
I'm a nail, I fly the trail. I drop bombs on Nguyens' tail
Has anybody seen my smoke?
CBU, Rockeye too, even 82's will do.
Can anybody hit my smoke?
Now if you run into a ZPU, you're flying too low.
Triple A, everyday, that the only way to go.
Thunderstorms all around, I can't even see the ground.
But Lyndon B. won't let me go.
I'm at the Catcher Mitt, I took a hit.
My shit is weak.
Fuckin' A, it ain't my day.
Nguyen blew my shit away.

I'M A NAIL (CONT'')

I'm in the chute, comin down, Nguyen waitin' on the ground.
Beeper, Beeper come up voice, You mother-fucker.
Beeper, Beeper come up voice.

KOREAN TOWN OF SONG-TAN UP
(Tune of: El Paso)

Out in the West Korean town of Song-Tan Up,
I fell in love with a kimchi-breath girl.
Night time would find me in Aragon Alley,
Seeing if Miss Lee would give me a whirl.
One night a wild young Bronco came in,
Wild as the west kimchi wi.....nd.
Dashing and daring, an Oscar was sharing,
With wicked Miss Lee, the girl I adore.
So in anger,
I challenged the right to the love of this
virgin,
Down went his hands, and so did the whore.
My challenge was answered in less than a
heartbeat.
The Bronco was done and was ready for more.

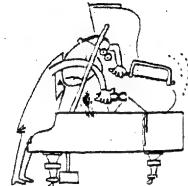


OLD STANDARDS

BASIC FIGHTER PILOT SONGS FROM YEARS GONE BY. MANY OF THE AIRCRAFT HAVE CHANGED BUT THE SPIRIT REMAINS THE SAME.

AIR FORCE SONG

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder
Climbing high, into the sun.
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder,
At 'em boys, give her the gun.
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,
Off with one hell of a roar.
We live in fame, or go down in flame,
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force.



Here's a toast to the host of those who boast
The vastness of the sky.
To a friend we send a message of
His brother men who fly.
We drink to those who gave their all of old
As down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold.
Here's a toast to the host of those who boast
The U.S. Air Force.

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder,
Set it high into the blue.
Hands of men blasted the world asunder,
How they lived God only knew!
Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer
Gave us wings., ever to soar!
With fighters before and bombers galore,
Nothing'll stop the U.S. Air Force.

Off we go into the wild sky yonder,
Keep the wings level and true.
If you'd live to be a grey-haired wonder,
Keep your nose out of the blue!
Flying men, guarding the nation's border,
We'll be there, followed by more!
In echelon we carry on,
Nothing'll stop the U.S. Air Force!

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS

(CHORUS)

Oh, Halleluia, Oh, Halleluia, Throw a nickel on the grass

Save a fighter pilot's ass.

Oh, Halleluia, Oh, Halleluia, Throw a nickel on the grass

And you'll be saved.

It was midnight in Korea

All the pilots were in bed.

When up stepped Colonel _____,

And this is what he said:

Sabres, gentle sabres, sabres one and all

Pilots, gentle pilots, and the pilots shouted BALLS!

When up stepped a young Lieutenant,

With a voice as harsh as brass.

You can take those God Damm Sabre Jets and shove them up your ass.

Cruising down the Yalu, doing six-twenty per

There came a call from the Major, Oh won't you save me , sir?

Got three big flak holes in my wings, my tanks ain't got no gas.

Mayday, mayday, mayday, got six MIGS on my ass.

I shot my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right

The airspeed read one-thirty, My God I racked it tight.

The airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze,

Mayday, mayday, mayday, spin instructions, please.

Fouled up my crosswind landing, the left wing hit the ground.

There came a call from the tower, pull up and go around.

I racked that Sabre in the air a dozen feet or more

The engine quit, I almost shit, the gear came through the floor.

Split S onto my bomb run, I got too God damn low,

I pressed the bloody button, let both my babies go.

I sucked the stick back in my gut, I hit a high speed stall

Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done this fall.

They sent me up to Pyongyang, the brief said "Skoshe ack ack"

But by the time I got there, my wing was holed by flak

My aircraft went into a spin, it would no longer fly

Mayday, mayday, mayday, I am too young to die.

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS (cont)

I bailed out from the Sabre, my landing was top line
With my E and E equipment, I made for our front line.
When I opened up ration, time to see what was in it,
My God damn quartermaster had filled the thing with shit.

Now in this Commie prison camp, I am obliged to sit
For one cannot go very far, on a ration tin of shit.
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly
But I'll have quartermaster bollux, for breakfast till I die.

Oh, while rolling down the runway, and headed for the ditch
I looked down at my prop, My God, it's in high pitch
I pulled back on the stick, and rose into the air
Glory, Glory Halleluia, How did I get there.

The boys from the other group, they think they are so hot.
They brag about the Bluetails that they've so often shot.
One thing they don't remember, when they holler and hoot,
Is to look into their mirror, just before they shoot.

I hear we're leaving Europe, they say we're going home
They tell us no more wandering, never more we'll roam.
But the Colonels up at Langley, are planning on the sly,
Just where they're gonna send us, on our next TDY.

I started on my takeoff, I though the flaps were down.
But when I pulled the gear up, the dive brake scraped the ground.
The General he smiled at me, he thought it was great fun
But then I met the FEB, Chitose here I come.

We flew our Sabres through the war, we flew them far and fast
But when the war was over, we knew it wouldn't last.
They sent our old instructors, to teach us all their tricks,
So now we're flying training, behind those dirty pricks.

Letting down from forty-four busting through mach,
That Sabre Jet was moving now, falling like a rock.
My boomwas aimed right at the field, there was an awful sound,
Since we're flying training now, I'm sitting on the ground.

I started up into a loop, I thought that I was clear,
I pulled up under Colonel Blood, I thought the end was near.
I went before the FEB, and they gave me the works,
Glory, glory, halleluia, what a bunch of jerks.

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS (cont)

Strafin' on the panel, I made my pass too low,
There came a call from Melrose, "One more and home you'll go."
I pulled that Sabre in the blue, she hit a high speed stall,
Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done this fall.

Now I'm in the gutter, with pretzels in my beer,
With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near.
Then came this glorious Air Force, to save me from the worst,
Everybody bust a butt and sing the second verse.

FIGHTER PILOTS

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh the place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states
They are off on foreign shores, making mothers out of whores.
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states.

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
They are all across the bay, getting shot at every day
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan.

Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray
They are all in USO's wearing ribbons, fancy clothes
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray.

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
The automatic pilot's on, he's reading novels in the john
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce.

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
His gyros are uncaged, and his women overaged
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare.

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing
The place is full of brass, sitting round on their fat ass
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing.

FIGHTER PILOTS (cont)

Oh there are no Navy pilots in the scrap
Oh there are no Navy pilots in the scrap
They're all in BOQ's, reading NavAir News
Oh there are no Navy pilots in the scrap.

You can tell a navigator by his ass
You can tell a navigator by his ass
Oh, it's forty inches wide, getting wider every ride
You can tell a navigator by his ass.

Oh it's naughty naughty but it's nice
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice
It'll wreck your reputation, but increase the population
Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice.

Oh look at the 36th in the club
Oh look at the 36th in the club
They don't party, they don't sing, the BRONCOS do everything
On look at the 36th in the club.

An airline pilot's life is mighty fine
An airline pilot's life is mighty fine
Flying friendly skies, putting hands on friendly thighs
An airline pilot's life is mighty fine.

When a bomber jockey walks into our club
When a bomber jockey walks into our club
He don't drink his share of suds, all he does is flub his dub
OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL!

WINGMAN'S LAMENT

(Tune - Sweet Betsy From Pike)

We turned the Red and lead said, "Push it up."
I used my burner and couldn't keep up.
I was dragging behind; it sure ain't no fun.
I said, "Leader, leader, oh please give me one."
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

. Flying above us were several F-4s,
They're 'bout as useful as tits on a boar.
They brief in the air and pull other pranks
Like bombarding Fives with their empty drop tanks
I'm a lousy.....

We hit Cho Mci and then turned on our run.
The gunners below uncovered their guns.
I tell you the weather up there can change fast
From clear and fifteen to black overcast
I'm a lousy.....

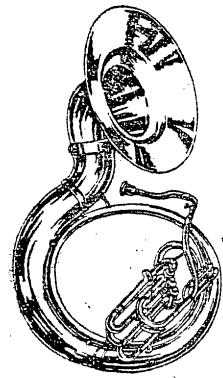
Lead passed the target before he rolled in
With 300 knots: a capital sin.
And try though I did, and I tried as I pleased,
I had 400 knots and 20 degrees.
I'm a lousy.....

I rolled in and lit a fresh cigarette.
A few puffs of flak were nothing to sweat.
A damned golden BB met up with my plane
Hey coach, I think I will drop out of the game.
I'm a lousy.....

P-1 and P-2 fall down through the Red
I begin to fear my Thunderchief's dead.
The slab and the stick, they soon separated.
By the finger of fate, I have been mated.
I'm a lousy.....

The living at Hilton ain't very good.
I find the quarters as bad as the food.
The waiters, they give us a whole lot of lip.
But we don't have to pay, we don't have to tip.
I'm a lousy.....

So listen, my friends, if you're flying today,
Keep it high, keep it fast, is what I say.
Keep up with your leader, but still, just the same,
You bet your own ass, is the name of the game.
I'm a lousy.....



IN FLIGHT REFUELING
(Tune - Strawberry Roan)

O come fighter pilots, both young and old
And I'll tell you a story, that'll make you turn cold
A story of tankers, and a flight out to sea
And I hate to tell you what they did to me.

Oh we took off for Brown, oh so early one morn
The weather was balmy, but not really warm
We soon left the coastline, and headed to sea
And for the last time land I did see.

Oh we flew on for hours, it seemed like more
We flew and we flew, till my butt it got sore
And we finally got to that point far from land
Where there were supposed to be tankers at hand.

But yes, you guessed it, no one was there
Nothing around, but ocean and air
We called and we called, but it was in vain
There was nobody out there to refuel my plane.

Oh we circled and circled, and hollered for gas,
The pain was beginning to leave my ass,
'Twas beginning to pucker, and turn a dull hue
When finally a tanker came into view.

Well bygones were bygones, and we didn't bitch
We latched onto that son of a bitch
Who ho, called the scanner, "It's under your wing,
If you don't hook up, you likely will ding."

Well I stabbed and I stabbed, and I stabbed some more,
But I couldn't hit that dirty old whore,
I looked at my gas guage, and it was down low,
I backed off again and tried it real slow.

So I tried it real slow boys, but that didn't work,
I tried again fast, what a hell of a jerk,
The funnel it hit me, one hell of a blow,
As I looked at the cold water down there below.

I looked at that water, so cold and so chilled,
And I thought to myself, I'll soon be killed
So I'd better hook up, and take on some fuel
Cause that water below looks uncomfortably cool.

So I finally did it, I hit that damn hose
I hit that old funnel, right square on the nose,
The engineer said, "Sir, you're taking on fuel.",
But the bastard was lying, the durty old fool.



IN FLIGHT REFUELING (cont)

I called that damn scanner, said, "Turn on the gas,
I can't wait much longer, or I'll bust my ass."
He looked up from his paper, and said with a grin,
"You know there are days, sir, when you just can't win."

That's the end of my story, I'm sorry to say,
That old F-100 lies out in the bay,
But I'll have my vengeance, you can bet your life,
Cause there's one tanker pilot, that I'm going to knife.

BLESS 'EM ALL

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all
The long and the short and the tall,
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet
I know a man who is cursing him yet;
For he tried to go over the wall
With his tiptanks, his tailpipes and all,
The needles did cross and the wings did come off--
Cheer up, my lads, bless 'em all.

Well, bless 'em all, bless em all,
The needle, the airspeed, the ball
Bless all the instructors who taught me to fly,
Sent me to solo and left me to die;
If ever your blowjet should stall,
Well, you're due for one hell of a fall,
No lillies or violets for dead Fighter Pilots--
Cheer up, my lads, bless 'em all.

Through the wall, through the wall
Through the bloody invisible wall
That trans-sonic journey is nothing but rough,
As bad as a ride on the local base bus;
So I'm staying away from the wall,
Subsonic for me and that's all
If you're hot you might make it,
But you'll probably break it
You're butt and you're neck, not the wall.

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all
The long and the short and the tall,
Bless all the sergeants, and all of their sons,
Bless all the airmen, the fat headed ones
For it's them who keep you in the air,
Many times you'll be glad that they're there
They keep your planes flying, they keep you from dying
Bless 'em all, bless 'em all, bless 'em all.

SON OF SATAN'S ANGELS

(by Dick Jonas)

CHORUS

I'm a son of Satans Angels,
And I fly the F-4D.
All the way from the Hanoi Railroad Bridge,
To the DMZ



I'm one of old Hoot Gibson's Boys,
And mean as I can be.
I'm a son of Satan's Angels and I fly th F-4D.

There ain't a triple a gunner up there
That's anywhere near my class.
Cause I'm as mad as I can be
And I'm in for one more pass.
He hosed me down one time too much
And that one is his last.
And I looked back at where he was
Hey man ain't that a gas.

(CHORUS)

Hello Hanoi Hannah
Send your migs to meet their doom.
Flying 'em up and blast 'em off
Hoot's boys will be there soon.
I don't care if you are the gal
with a mouthful of silver spoons.
Cause I've got sidewinders on board
That'll home on an AB plume.

(CHORUS)

MY F-105
(by Dick Jonas)

I'm a Thud pilot, and I love my plane.
It is my body, I am it's brain.
My Thunder Chief loves me, and I love her too.
But I get the creeps with only one seat , and one engine too.

MY F-105 (cont)

She's faster than lightning it says on her dials.
To get a Thud airborne takes only two miles.
She's packed with transistors, black boxes, diodes.
But stay alert, cause you might get hurt, when she explodes.

She totes more bombs than a B-17.
My F-105 has a gun and she's mean.
But there is one thing, that curdles my blood.
It's lonesome up there, alone in the air, in my single seat Thud.

I love my Thud and she loves me too.
She soaks up Flak like a magnet can do.
If I get my hundred and I'm still alive.
I'll have no grief, goodbye Thunderchief, my F-105.

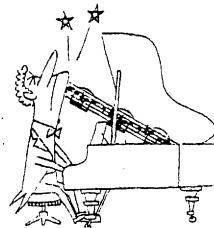
I'D RATHER BE AN F-4 JOCK

(by Dick Jonas)

Well I'd rather be an F-4 jock,
Than the governor of New York State.
Now the Governor's got him a pretty good job,
And I suppose he thinks it great.
But droppin Nape and Straffin trucks,
Are two things he don't know.
And I couldn't fill the Governors shoes,
Cause I couldn't spend all of that dough.

I'd rather be an F-4 jock,
Than the owner of old Fort Knox.
And I like the smell of JP-4,
Better than a rosewood box.
Hydraulic fluid and afterburner fumes,
Just some kind of turn me on.
Fella I'm happier flying F-4 D's,
Than a Hound Dog nawing a bone.

Well I'd rather be a F-4 jock,
Than the Air Force Chief of Staff.
One good reason I ain't got the rank,
Right here you're supposed to laugh.
It's a lot more fun just droppin bombs,
And hasseling two on two.
So I'll just stick to my gunnery range,
And flying the Phantom II.



I'D RATHER BE AN F-4 JOCK (cont)

Well one of these days I'll light my fire,
And aim it straight at the sky.
And you'll hear me shout as I disappear,
That a Phantom is the way to fly,
I'll do a high speed pass by the Pearly Gates,
About one point six five mach.
And I'll tell St Peter if he don't mind,
Just make me an F-4 jock.



RED RIVER RATS
(by Dick Jonas)

The Red River Rats meet again
Telling tales remembering when.
Battles joined in the skies, shed our blood, gave our lives.
The Red River Rats meet again.

War is never a beautiful thing,
But we fought for the right on the wing.
Dropping bombs, dodging flak, fighting migs, we'll be back.
Shout the Rats battle cry, let it ring.

Sing the Red River Rats battle hymn,
Hold your head high, stand tall you are men.
Never run from a fight, be prepared day and night,
Sing the Red River Rats battle hymn.

Look around there's a few empty chairs,
Honored comrades should be sitting there.
Some are dead where they fell, some fight on from a cell,
Charge your glass, raise it high, drink to them.

Well, I'll tell you a tale that'll curl your hair.
I'll tell you the truth cause I was there,
About what happened in Ho Chi Min's backyard.

Gyrene sailor and an Air Force type,
Black smoke pouring from a hot tailpipe,
Flying and fighting and living a life that's hard.

Black smoke, black smoke red sam fire,
Pressing your luck right down to the wire,
Pickle 'em off and boot that baby for home.

RED RIVER RATS (cont)

But the battle ain't over till you're parked in chocks,
So if you fly and fight keep your guns unlocked,
And don't try to fly and fight if you're all alone.

What's that telltale wisp I see,
That's a contrail prlled by a Fishbed C,
The cards are stacked and it looks like time to deal.

Leads got bandits twelve o'clock high,
Let's bend it around and scramble for sky,
And arm your guns, this ain't no game it's real.

We flew the valley and the railroad lines,
From Dien Bien Phu to the Cham Pho mines,
But the price was high and measured in rich red blood.

When tales are told in the halls of fame,
When warriors meet you'll hear these names,
Skyhawk, Crusader, Intruder, Phantom, Thud.

The Red River Rats meet again,
Telling tales, remembering when.
Battles joined in the skies, shed our blood, gave our lives.
The Red River Rats meet again.

ON TOP OF THE POP UP

(Tune: On Top Of Old Smokey)

On top of the pop up
And flat on my back
I lost my poor wingman
In a big hail of flak.

Guard channel was silent
The sites were all dead,
Until we rolled in
And looked up ahead.

The sky filled with fireballs,
The missiles flashed by
Sweet Mother of Jesus,
We're all going to die.

Number two called "I'm hit
I'm going to bust."
Not one Goddamned Elin
A poor jock can trust.

So come ye young pilots
And listen to Dad,
Forget about jinking
And your ass has been had.

They'll hit you and burn you,
Their flak reaches far,
It's a long walk to Takhli,
And a beer at the bar.

JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS
(Tune - Bless Them All)

CHORUS: Just give me Operations
Way out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die
I just want to grow old

Don't give me a P-38
The props they counter rotate
They are scattered and smitten from Burma to Britain
Don't give me a P-38



Don't give me a P-39
The engine is mounted behind
They'll tumble and spin and auger you in
Don't give me a P-39

Don't give me a P-51
It was alright for fighting the Hun
But with coolant tank dry, you'll run out of sky
Don't give me a P-51

Don't give me a pter four oh
It's a hell of an airplane I know
A ground looping bastard, you're sure to get plastered
Don't give me a pter four oh

Don't give me a P-61
For night flying is no fun
They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of the dark
Don't give me a P-61

Don't give me an F-84
She's just a ground loving whore
She'll whine, moan and wheeze and she'll clobber the trees
Don't give me an F-84

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt
It gave many a pilot a jolt
It looks like a jug and flies like a tug
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt

Don't give me a jet shooting star
It'll go, but not very far
It'll rumble and spout, but soon will flame out
Don't give me a jet shooting star

Don't give me an F-86
With wings like broken match sticks
They'll zoom and they'll hover, but as for top cover
Don't give me an F-86

JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS (cont)

Don't give me an F-89
Tho' TIME says they'll really climb
They're all in the states, all boxed up in crates
Don't give me an F-89

Don't give me an 86-D
With rockets, radar and A/B
She's fast, I don't care, she blows up in mid air
Don't give me an 86-D

Don't give me a one-double-0
The bastard is ready to blow
The A/B is there, but you're saying a prayer
Don't give me a one-double-0

Don't give me McDonnell's Voodoo
There's nothing that she will not do
She'll really pitch up, she'll make you throw up
Don't give me McDonnell's Voodoo

Don't give me an F-102
It never goes up when it's blue
An all weather coffin, that flames out so often
Don't give me an F-102

Don't give me an F-104
With blown boundary layer control
One flap fails to blow and over she'll go
Don't give me an F-104

Don't give me an F-105
Cause I love being alive
She's great for attack, she soaks up more flak
Don't give me an F-105

Don't give me an old F-4E
With a navigator flying with me
Her dihedral's neat, but she's got a back seat
Don't give me an old F-4E

Don't give me an F-105
You'll never return her alive
She's had so many knocks, she has thrown away chocks
Don't give me an F-105

Don't give me a bent wing F-4
With a crew of 20 or more
She'll stall and she'll pitch and spin flat as a bitch
Don't give me a bent wing F-4



NAPALM STICKS TO KIDS

We shoot the sick, the young, the lame,
We do our best to maim.
Because all the kills count the same,
Napalm sticks to kids.

CHORUS: NAPALM STICKS TO KIDS
NAPALM STICKS TO KIDS

Flying low across the trees,
Pilots doing what they please,
Dropping frags on refugees,
Napalm sticks to kids.



Gooks in the open making hay,
But I can hear the gunships say,
"There'll be no Chieu Hoi today!"
Napalm sticks to kids.

See those farmers over there,
Watch me get them with a pair.
Blood and guts just everywhere!
Napalm sticks to kids.

I've only seen it happen twice,
Both times it was mighty nice,
Shooting peasants planting rice,
Napalm sticks to kids.

A squad of Cong lyin' in the grass,
But all the fightin's long since past.
Crispy Critters in a mass,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Napalm, son, is lots of fun,
Dropped in a bomb or shot from a gun.
It gets Gooks when on the run,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Drop some napalm on a farm,
It won't do them any harm,
Just burn off their legs and arms,
Napalm sticks to kids.

CIA with guns for hire,
Montanyards around a fire,
Napalm makes the fire go higher,
Napalm sticks to kids.

I've been told it's not so neat,
To watch Gooks burning in the street.
But burning flesh smells so sweet!
Napalm sticks to kids.

Children sucking on a mother's tit,
Wounded Gooks down in a pit,
DOW Chemical doesn't give a shit!
Napalm sticks to kids.

Bombadiers don't care a bit,
Just as long as the pieces fit,
When you stuff the bodies in a pit.
Napalm sticks to kids.

Eighteen kids in a no-fire zone,
Books under arms and going home,
Last in line goes home alone,
Napalm sticks to kids.

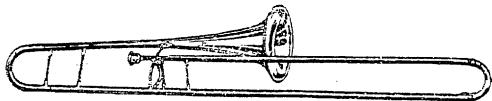
Chuck in a Sampan, sitting in the stern,
They don't think their boats will burn,
Those damn Gooks will never learn!
Napalm sticks to kids.

Cobras flying in the sun,
Killing Gooks is lots of fun.
Get one pregnant, it's two for one!
Napalm sticks to kids.

Shoot civilians where they sit,
Take some pictures as you split,
All your life you'll remember it,
Napalm sticks to kids.

NVA are all hard core,
Fleschettes are never a bore,
Throw those Psyops out the door!
Napalm sticks to kids.

Gather kids as you fly over the town
By throwing candy on the ground.
Then grease 'em when they gather round,
NAPALM STICKS TO KIDS!



UP IN THAT VALLEY
(Tune - Down in the Valley)

Up in that valley,
That valley so low
Where the SAM missiles flourish,
And the 85s glow.

The Thai Nguyen steel plant,
The Hanoi rail yard,
The bridges at Bac Giang
They've played their trump card

The Iron Hands mill right,
And the strike pilots flail,
The MIGs try to bounce us,
But they always fail.

The MIG cap he hollers,
"There's bandits at twelve!"
"Launch!", screams the Weasel,
It's better in hell.

The flak is a-bursting
Right next to my hide,
All I can hear is,
"You're lagging behind."

We're down on the bomb run
The target's in sight
"Sweet Jesus", I'm thinking
"I'd better break right."

We're breaking for Thud Ridge,
What a beautiful sight,
Oh shit, I just noticed
An overheated light.

My heart is a-pumping,
I know I'm not dead
Please, God, get this old Thud
Just out past the Red.

If I can get past
That old muddy slough,
The Sandys and Jollies
Will pull me on through.

I'm past ninety-seven,
And now I can boast
The rest I can finish
Out over the coast.

Where the tankers don't matter,
Although I must say,
I often have seen it,
Where they've saved the day.

Up in that valley
That valley of grief
I hope all your flights there
Will always be brief.

Good-bye to that valley,
So long to Takhli
Don't bust your ass, buddy,
I'm going home free.

SAMMY SMALL (S E A STYLE)

Oh come 'round us fighter pilots
Fuck 'em all
Oh come 'round us fighter pilots
Fuck 'em all
Oh we fly the God damn plane
Through the flak and through the rain
And tomorrow we'll do it again
So fuck 'em all



SAMMY SMALL (cont)

Oh they tell us not to think
Fuck 'em all
Oh they tell us not to think
Fuck 'em all
Oh they tell us not to think,
Just to dive and just to jink
L.B.J.'s a God damn fink
So fuck 'em all.

Oh we bombed MuGia Pass
Fuck 'em all
Oh we bombed MuGia Pass
Fuck 'em all
Oh we bombed MuGia Pass
Though we only made one pass
They really stuck it up our ass
So fuck 'em all.

Oh we're on a J.C.S.
Fuck 'em all
Oh we're on a J.C.S.
Fuck 'em all
Oh they sent the whole damn wing
Probably half of us will sing
What a silly fucking thing
So fuck 'em all.

Oh we lost our fucking way
Fuck 'em all
Oh we lost our fucking way
Fuck 'em all
Oh we strafed God damn Hanoi
Killed every fuckin' girl and boy
What a God damn fucking joy
So fuck 'em all.

Oh my bird got all shot up
Fuck 'em all
Oh my bird got all shot up
Fuck 'em all
Oh my bird it did get shot
And I'll probably cry a lot
But I think that it's shit hot,
So fuck 'em all.

While I'm swinging in my chute
Fuck 'em all
While I'm swinging in my chute
Fuck 'em all
While I'm swinging in my chute
Comes this silly fucking toot
And hangs a medal on my root
So FUCK 'em all.

STRAFE THE TOWN AND KILL THE PEOPLE
(Tune - Wake the Town and Tell the People)

Strafe the town and kill the people
Drop your napalm in the square
Roll in early Sunday morning
Try to catch them all at prayer

Spread your CBU down mainstreet
See the arms and leg and hair
Watch them crawling for the clinic
Put a pod of rockets there

Sprinkle candy in the courtyard
Watch the orphans gather 'round
Use your 20 millimeter
Mow those little bastards down

Find a field of running charlies
Drop a daisy-cutter there
Watch the chunks of bodies flying
Arms and legs and blood and hair

See the fat old pregnant woman
Running 'cross the field in fear
Run your 20 mike-mike through her
Hope your film comes out real clear

Spray the crops and kill the farmers
Spray them with your poison gas
Watch them throwing up their breakfast
As you make your second pass

Get the spray guns working double
Slightly offset for the breeze
See the children in convulsions
And besides it kills the trees

Strafe the town and kill the people
Drop your high drag on the school
If you happen to see Ground Fire
Don't forget the Golden Rule.

STRAFFE THE TOWN AND KILL THE PEOPLE (cont)

See them group up in the market
Waiting for a pound of rice
Hungry, skinny, starving people
Isn't killing harvest nice.

Call the fence and safe the switches
Another mission almost done
Out of gas and ammunition
Isn't killing people fun.

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT
(Tune - Battle Hymn of the Republic)

By the ring around his eyeballs, you can tell a bombardier
You can tell a bomber pilot by the spread across his rear
You can tell a navigator by his sextants, charts and such
And you can tell a Fighter Pilot, but you cannot tell him much.

Chorus: It's a lie, It's a lie
You can tell the silly bastard it's a lie, lie, lie
It's a lie, It's a lie
You can tell the silly bastard it's a silly fucking lie.



First lady forward and the second lady back
Third lady's finger up the fourth lady's crack
Then you gather all together in the middle of the room
Will the lady who just farted kindly leave the fucking room

(Chorus)

We fly our fucking fighters down to forty fucking feet
Through the fucking corn and through the fucking wheat
First you fly the fuckers up and then you fly the fuckers down
And you'll be the first to know when you hit the fucking ground

(Chorus)

Rollin' in on target with your burners all aglow
You put your pipper on them and you let your napalm go
First you jink out to the left and then jink out to the right
And you hit the deck a-running and make it home another night.

THE THANH HOC BRIDGE
(Tune - The Strawberry Roan)

I was hanging round Ops in this sweaty clime,
Just cussin' the schedule and my lack of time,
When up walks this Colonel and says, "I suppose
You're a trained killer by the looks of your clothes."
Well I looked him up once and I looked him down twice.
I could tell by his sneer he weren't thinkin' nice,
So I said in a voice that shook with the fear
I'm your man if you buy the beer.

The Colonel then said, "I've a place in mind
Where you can go, if you're not blind
They've flak and MiGs and SAMs and such,
I need a man that's good in the clutch."
I get all het up and ask what I'd get,
'Twas a kick in the ass if I didn't hit.
I told him I'd go cause they haven't found
A target in Hell that I couldn't pound.

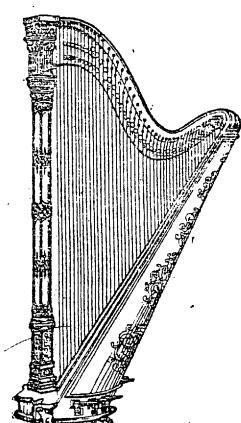
We jump in his car and go to the line.
He stops by a 'Nickle' that's tied up in twine
"This is your bird, now get on your way."
I could tell at a glance I'd sure earn my pay.
I crank the beast up and taxi on out,
As I leave the chocks I hear the chief shout
"The oil pressure's low, the water don't work,
And the stab aug's got one hell of a jerk."

I give him a grin and waggle my thumb,
This one's a counter and I'm not so dumb.
Well I take on off a two hundred per,
I got two on the wings and a full loaded MER.
I struggle on up to ten thousand feet,
Send down the tanker or we'll never meet.

Well I take on my gas and head out on course,
I call for a steer until I am hoarse.
But Lion is down and Invert won't say,
And Brigham says I'm not going his way.

Well I'm off on my own and all for the best,
Those bastards don't know the East from the West.
Now I get over Thanh Hoa and I look for the bridge,
They said it was South but it's East of the ridge.
I roll in on my run, it looks easy as pie,
'Til the flak starts burstin' and coverin' the sky.

I coolly compute all the mils I will need,
And calmly adjust both angle and speed.
I check my drift and with the bridge in my sight,
I mash on the button and pull off to the right.
Well, I check back at six and I see this big bird,
He's closing in fast and he's sure riding herd.
As he flashes by there's a Red Star on each side,
It must be a MiG and there's no place to hide.



THE THANH HOA BRIDGE (cont)

I head for the deck with all that she's got,
When along comes this SAM...my God I've been shot!
When driftin' down in my chute all alone,
I'm finally convinced that I'm no smokin' stone.
I'm wishin' I was back in Kansas right now
With a face full of horseshit, my hand on a plow.
But that ain't so and I'm down in the drink
A day like today can sure make a man think!



Ch that Thanh Hoa Bridge
Oh that Thanh Hoa Bridge
They've flak and missiles, you're some sittin' duck,
At downing good pilots, they've had lots of luck.

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

A fighter pilot lay dying.
The medic left him for dead.
All around him women were crying,
These are the words that he said:

"Take the tailpipe out of my kidney,
Take the burner out of my brain
Take the generator out of my stomach,
And assemble the unit again."

(CHORUS)

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozing,
We are the boys that they send out to die
Bosom buddies while boozing.

Down in the hangar they laugh and they shout,
Talk about things they know nothing about.
We are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozing,
Bosom buddies while boozing.

With rusty fifties and rockets
With pilots as old as they seem,
We'll fly these worn out Super Hogs
Against the MIG 19.

Forgotten by the land that bore us
Betrayed by the ones we hold dear,
The good have all gone before us
And only the dull are still here

Chorus

We loop in the purple twilight
We spin in the silvery dawn,
With black smoke trailing after
To show where our comrades have gone.

So stand to your glasses steady
This world is full of lies,
Here's a toast, to those dead already
And here's to the next man to die.

For we are the boys who fly high
in the sky

Bosom buddies while boozing
We are the boys that they send
out to die

Bosom buddies while boozing

At TAC Headquarters they laugh and
they shout

Talk about things they know fuck
all about

But we are the boys that they send
out to die

Bosom buddies while boozing

Bosom buddies while boozing.

ITAZUKE TOWER
(Tune - Wabash Cannon Ball)

Listen to the rumble, and hear old Merlin roar
I'm flying over Moji, like I never flew before
Hear the mighty rush of the slipstream and hear old Merlin roar
I'll wait a bit and say a prayer, and hope it gets me home.

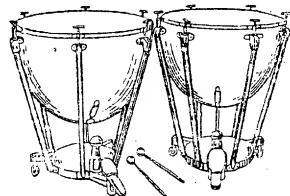
"Itazuke Tower, This is Air Force 801,
I'm turning on the downwind leg,
My prop has overrun;
My coolant's overheated, the gage says 1-2-1
You'd better get the crash crew out
And get them on the run."

"Listen, Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower,
I cannot call the crash crew out,
This is their coffee hour;
You're not cleared in the pattern,
Now that is plain to see
So take it once around again, you're not a VIP."

"Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,
I'm turning on my final,
I'm running on one lung,
I'm gonna land this Mustang
No matter what you say,
I'm gonna get my charts squared up
Before that Judgment Day."

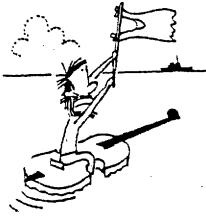
"Now listen Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower,
We'd like to let you in right now,
But we haven't got the power,
We'll send a note through channels
And wait for a reply,
Until we get permission back,
Just chase around the sky."

"Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,
I'm up in Pilot's Heaven and
My flying days are done;
I'm sorry that I blew up,
I couldn't make the grade
I guess I should have waited till
The landing was okayed."



I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings until I got the goddamn things
Now I don't want them any more.
They taught me how to fly,
Any they sent me here to die,
I've had a belly ful of war
You can save those Zeros for the goddamn heros,
'Cause Distinguished Flying Crosses
Do not compensate for losses, -- Buster



CHORUS

I wanted wings until I got the goddamn things
Now I don't want them any more.

I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames,
Air combat spelled romance, but it made me wet my pants,
I'm not a fighter I have learned.
You can save those Messerschmidts
For the other sons of bitches.
'Cause I'd rather screw a woman than be shot down in a Grumman
Buster, I wanted wings.

I'm too young to die in a damned old PBY
That's for the eager, not me
I don't trust my luck to be picked up in a duck
After I've crashed into the sea
Oh I'd rather be a bellhop than a flyer on a flattop
With my hand around a bottle, not a goddamn throttle
Buster, I wanted wings.

I don't want to tour over Berlin or the Ruhr
Flak always makes me puke my lunch
I get no hey-hey when they holler "bombs away"
I'd rather be home with the bunch
Now there's one thing you can't laugh off,
That is when they shoot your ass off.
Oh I rather come home Buster, with my balls than with a cluster,
Buster, I wanted wings.

I don's fly for fun in a P dash five crash one
Blazing a path for Patton's tanks
My wife don't want insurance and I'm not out for endurance,
I'd rather go to Paris and spend francs.
In England it was the Blitz, and in France its the Messerschmidts,
Oh I feel like such a sucker when my ass starts to pucker,
Sucker, I wanted wings.

I WANTED WINGS (cont)

They feed us lousy chow, but we stay alive somehow
On dehydrated eggs and milk and stew
What will they think of next? They'll be dehydrating sex,
And on that day I'll tell the coach I'm through.
For I dearly love my humpin', and I'd love to do some pumpin',
But I'd rather come with chowder, than to come with lumps of powder,
Buster, I wanted wings.

Now the day that we bombed Metz, I ran out of cigarettes,
I always smoke one for my gut
They make them by the ton, but I haven't got a one
Oh, what I'd give to have a butt
Now the homefront may be pitchin', but I still will do my bitchin'
Till I find some real sharp cookie, who can mass produce some nookie,
Buster, I wanted wings.

I WANTED WINGS (Thud version)

I've been alive twenty years, plus four or five,
And I've tried many pursuit
I went to pilot school; learned the ropes and learned the rules
And got my wings and my blue suit.
Then I went to get upgraded, and like a fool I made it
Then they made me number four, and they sent me off to war
Buster, I wanted wings.

The Republic Thunderchief is just twenty tons of grief
The dirty sons-of-bitches filled it with three hundred switches
Buster, I wanted wings.

To keep my body alive, they taught me how to survive
At a place nestled in the hills they fed me porcupine,
And other goodies fine; pemmican to cure all my ills
And in three weeks I had made it, they said I'd graduated
Well buddy, if that's livin', I think that I'll just give in
Buster, I wanted wings.

You can have your he-man training in the snow, and when it's raining,
I'd rather be a weenie, with my tootie and martini
Buster, I wanted wings.

I don't want to stay, but I cannot get away
In Hanoi they all love parades
Each day we take a walk, through Hanoi's Central Park
Not dressed in style, I'm afraid
Oh those little yellow mamas dressed us all in black pajamas
Spectators, they just sit there, sometimes throw rocks, sometimes spit there
Buster, I wanted wings.

I WANTED WINGS (cont)

You can have your 105, I'd much rather say alive
The lousy afterburner just gets you north that much sooner,
Buster, I wanted wings.

These lines are just in jest; Thud drivers are the best
At flyin' 'n' chasin' women too.
The goods that they deliver are sure to make Ho shiver,
And wish to hell that this was through
And for some it is all over, they lie down 'neath the clover;
They did not go down in flames, but we will not forget their names,
Buster, they wanted wings.
And they've truly got their wings
And they'll wear them evermore.

For there are no regulations for those heaven-bound formations
If they don't like it, well, they can split-s down to Hell
Buster, they wanted wings.
And they've truly got their wings,
And they'll wear them evermore.

BARNACLE BILL THE PILOT
(Tune - Barnacle Bill the Sailor)

The Air Corps is the life for me, said Barnacle Bill the sailor
I'll jump my ship and leave the sea and be an aviator
I'll fly so high I'll reach the sky, gravitation I'll defy
I'll make the people moan and cry, Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

Pretty soon you'll lose that grin, said the fair young maiden
Pretty soon you'll lose that grin, said the fair young maiden

I'm rough and tough and know my stuff, said Bill the aviator
I'll fly this ship 'till I've had enough, said Bill the aviator
I know a strut, I know a fin, I know a barrel roll and a spin
I know a prop, I know a knick, and I know an elevator.

You're out of gas and must go down, wailed the fair young maiden
You're out of gas and must go down, wailed the fair young maiden

I'm a cockeyed Finn if I'll give in, roared Bill the aviator
I'll fight this ship with a flyer's grin, roared Bill the aviator
He kicked the bar and pulled the stick, which didn't seem to do the trick
And he hit the ground like a ton of brick, poor Barnacle Bill the sailor.

Here's some flowers for his grave, sobbed the fair young maiden
Here's some flowers for his grave, sobbed the fair young maiden

KOREAN SONGS

MOST OF THIS SECTION CAME ABOUT DURING THE KOREAN WAR, HOWEVER
MUCH OF IT STILL APPLIES TO THOSE OF US IN KOREA NOW.

ON TOP OF OLD PYONGYANG (Tune - On Top of Old Smokey)

On top of old Pyongyang, all covered with flak
I lost my poor wingman, He'll never come back
For flying is pleasure, and dying is grief
And a quick triggered Commie, is worse than a thief.

For a thief will just rob you, and take all you save
But the quick triggered Commie, will send you to the grave
And the grave will destroy you, and turn you to dust
Not one MIG in a thousand, A Sabre jet can trust.

Now when the bad weather keeps the ships down
All day we can hear, this horrible sound
Attention all pilots, now listen to this
There'll be a short meeting, that you dare not miss.

They'll give us some lectures, then give us some more
But we have all heard them, twenty-five times or more
Now listen you trainees, you can't fight the group
Whatever they tell you is superfluous poop.

STRAFING IN A MOUNTAIN PASS

Strafing in mountain pass
Couldn't make the turn
Twelve tons of thunderjet
Watch that Bastard Burn

We've fought the MIGs at Kunure, We fought at Sinafee
They nailed us down at Kyomipo, and we lost quite a few.

We flew these birds from old K-2, six thousand feet they said
Don't ask a 49'er boys, the Bastards are all dead.

SPRING TIME ON THE YALU (Tune - When It's Springtime in the Rockies)

When it's springtime on the Yalu and the MIGs come out to play,
And the contrails run in circles, fighter pilots earn their pay.
We 'll hold our triggers steady when our sights are zeroed in,
We 'll hold our glasses ready when they pass out rum and gin.

When it's springtime on the Yalu and the napalm is in bloom,
And your fifties do the talking and it's just a MIG and you
Once again you'll hear the whisper that my fuel is running low.
When it's springtime on the Yalu then it's time for us to go.

STRAFIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN
(Tune - She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain)

Now listen all you airmen young and old
To the tale of Fighter Pilots young and bold
With their fighters painted yellow
Leaping off to contact Mellow
In the crisp Korean air so blue and cold.

It was dive bomb old Sinuji, stop the Reds
Eight one thousand pounders loader, instant heads
Four birds lined up on the runway
Wish I'd gone to church on Sunday
Hope we catch those lousy Commies in their beds



Twenty thousand over Pyongyang on Northwest
Gas mask flight about to face the acid test
Till at last the Yalu river
Which makes my liver quiver
With flak guns lined up twenty-four abreast.

Dusty clouds roll up from Antung cross the way
Twenty swept wing Chinese war birds out to play
Thirty-sevens, twenty-threes
All lit up like Christmas trees
Tip tanks salvoed off, we leap into the fray.

Kimpo tower clear the pattern in great haste
Twenty victory rolls our pilots do with grace
It was thrilling, it was hairy
Near that privileged sanctuary
Syngman Rhee will soon be president of this place

Kimpo tower this is Gas Mask Willie Four
I am home, I'm through with this damn war
Cause they're sending back to Moscow for some more.

BUMPY ROADS
(Tune - Country Roads J. Denver)

Almost Hell, South Korea
Imjin river, Uijonbu valley.
Whores are old there
Older than the trees,
Younger than the mountains
Loaded with disease

CHORUS

Bumpy roads, Take me home
From a place, I don't belong
South Korea, Gonorrhea
Take me home Bumpy roads

BUMPY ROADS (cont)

I hear her voice, from an alley way she calls me
Her face reminds me of a whore I once laid,
While riding in a Kimchee cab,
I feel as though I should have DERO'S'd
Yesterday, Yesterday

(Chorus)

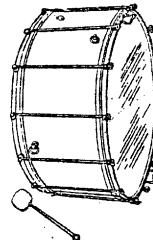
SEOUL CITY SUE
(Tune - Sioux City Sue)

I drove a herd of oxen down
Till I reached old Bong Chong Way
And there I met a gook girl
Who said she'd like to play
Her clothes were of a dirty blue
Her hands and feet were too
I asked her what her name was
She said, "Seoul City Sue."

CHORUS

Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue
Your hair is black, your eyes are too
I'd swap my honey cart for you
Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue
No one smells of Kimchee
Like my sweet Seoul City Sue

Oh, Korea, I must admit
I owe a lot to you
I came here from America
To find Seoul City Sue
Someday I'll take her back with me
And buy here perfumes too
So people can't be singing
"Here comes Seoul City Sue."



(Chorus)

KOREA
(Tune - I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover)

I'm looking over a well fought over
Korea that I abhor
One for the money
And two for the show
Ridgeway said stay
But we want to go.

There's no use explaining
Why we're remaining
We got what we were fighting for
KOREA, KOREA and diarrhea
To make the rice grow some more.

BESIDE A KOREAN WATERFALL
(Tune - Bell Bottom Trouzers)

Beside a Korean waterfall,
One bright and sunny day
Beside his shattered Sabre jet
A young pursuiter lay
His parachute hung from a nearby tree
He was not yet quite dead
So listen to the very last words,
The young pursuiter said:

I'm going to a better land,
A better land that's right
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles
There's poker every night
There isn't anything to do,
But sit around and sing
The crew chiefs will be women
Oh death, where is thy sting?

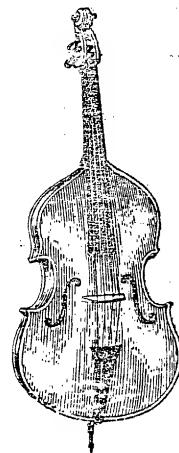
Oh death, where is thy sting, ting-a-ling
Oh death , where is thy sting, ting-a-ling
The bells in hell will ring ting-a-ling,
For YOU....but not for me!

Oh, ring-a-ling a ling-ling
Blow it out your tailpipe
Oh, ring-a-ling a ling-ling
Blow it out your tailpipe
Oh, ring-a-ling a ling-ling
Better days are coming, by and by.

ALTERNATE VERSION

Beside a Loation jungle trail
One bright and sunny day
Beside his shattered Thunderchief
A young Thud driver lay.
His parachute hung from a tree,
He was not yet quite dead
So listen to the very last words
This young Thud driver said:

I'm going to etc



KIMPO BLUES

(Tune - A Little Bit of Heaven Fell, Etc)

Oh a little bit of shit fell down
Out of the sky one day
And it landed in the Chosen
Oh so very far away.
And when the Senate saw it
It looked so fuckin' bare
They said that's what were looking for
We'll send our Air Force there.

So they sent their '86s'
Air Base Group and medics too
And they sent the dreaded 336th
They knew just what to do
And now you'll find them languished
In a place that's so remote
That all you'll hear those bastards shout is
"Where are those fuckin' boats?"

CHORUS

I've got those Kimpo Blues,
Kimchee blues
I'm fed up
And I'm fucked up
And I'm blue

We tried to please old sygman
But it was really a farce
The only thing 'twas left to do
Was shove it up his arse.

Oh we found our Alma Mater
In a house in Yong Dong Po
The brass got there before us
They showed us where to go.

TAEGU GIRLS

We are from Taegu, Taegu are we
We don't believe in virginity—— Oh horse shit
We don't use candles, we use broom handles
We are the Taegu girls.

And every night at twelve on the clock
We watch while the White man pisses on the ROK
We like the way he handles his cock
We are the Taegu girls.

And every year at our annual dance
We go around without any pants
We like to give those pilots a chance
We are the Taegu, Talk about your Taegu, We are the Taegu girls.



MISS LEE'S HOOCHIE
(Tune - On Top of Old Smokey)

I went to Seoul City, and met Miss Lee
She said for a short time, oh come sleep with me
We went to Lee's Hoochie, a room with hot floors
I left my shoes outside, and slid shut the door.

She took off her long johns, and rolled out the pad
I gave her ten thousand, "twas all that I had
Her breath smells of Kimchee, her bosoms were flat
No hair on her pussy, now how about that.

I asked to go to benjo, she led me outside
I reached for old smokey, he crawled back inside
I rushed to the medics, cried "What shall I do?"
The doc was dumbfounded, old smokey was blue.

Now when you're in Seoul City, on your next three day pass
Don't go to Lee's Hoochie, sit flat on your ass
Now your ass may get blistered, and Lee may tempt you
But better the red ass, than old smokey blue.

TO THE REGULARS
(Tune - Mr and Mrs Mississippi)

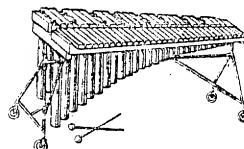
I won't forget Korea
I can't forget Kunsan
For Sygman Rhee and Joe Stalin
Have made me feel at home.
I flew across the bombline
And got a hole or two
But all I got was a crock of shit
From you and you and you

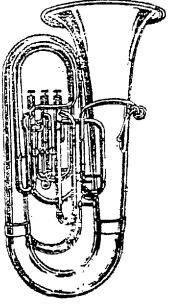
CHORUS:

O, I was called to risk my ass
And save the U.N. too
But all I got was a crock of shit
From you and you and you

The AA was terrific
The small arms were intense
While flyboys bombed the frontlines
The division did the rest.
While the regulars held their desk jobs
The reserves were called en masse
The U.N. knew the air reserve
Was the one to save their ass

(Chorus)





I love you dear old USA
With all my aching heart
If I hadn't joined the damn reserves
We'd never've had to part
But we won't cry and we won't squawk
For we are not alone
For one of these days the regulars'll come
And we can all go home.

(Chorus)

Now we don't mind the hardships
We've faced them in the past
But we wonder if our Congressmen
Have had forties up their ass
We have to fight to save the peace
That's what the bastards said
But when you check the casualties
You'll find no Senators dead.

(Chorus)

I'm going to raise a family
When this war is through
I hope to have a bouncing boy
To tell my stories to
But someday when he grows up
If he joins the air reserve
I'll kick his ass from dawn to dusk
For that's what he'll deserve.

(Chorus)

PUSAN U
(Tune - Sioux City Sue).

We were roaming round the country side
'Twas down near Pusan bay
We stepped into a local bar
To pass the time away
I met a gal from old Chin Ju
She was a sight to view
I asked her where she came from
And she said, "Pusan U."

(First Chorus)

Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
The finest school in all the land
The University that's grand
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
I hail my Alma Mater
Oh Pusan, to you.

PUSAN U (cont)

I enrolled in that great college
Founded by Kim Pac Su
'Twas built of honey buckets
So they called it Pusan U
The smell was terrific
But fortune saw me through
So now I lift this glass
To the school of Pusan U



(Second Chorus)
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
Your course is good for engineers
A-frames, ox carts pulled by steers
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
I hail my Alma Mater
Oh Pusan, to you

I saw a girl most beautiful
She was a sight to view
She won a beauty contest
She was crowned Miss Pusan U
They spotted her in Hollywood
Now she's a star there, too
When asked to what she owes her fame
She says, "Oh Pusan U"

(Repeat first chorus)

We have an A-1 baseball team
We win our games straight through
They ask us where we come from
And we say, "Pusan U"
We have a pitcher who is tops
Our batters are good, too
And every time we come to bat
The crowd yells, "Pusan U"

(Repeat second chorus)



PURE SMUT

NEED WE SAY MORE???????

THE BALL (THE DEATH OF 69,000)

GROUP: Twas the night of the King's castration, and the King was throwing a ball...his left one.

Counts, discounts and no-counts were seated at the table, shooting camelshit, for bullshit was unknown.

QUEEN: Balls!!!

GROUP: Cried the Queen.

QUEEN: If I had two, I'd be King

GROUP: The King chuckled, not that he had to, but he had two.

Up rode David on his dashing white steed.

Up rode the King on his diamond studded jockstrap.

DAVID: Where's the Princess?

GROUP: Cried David

KING: She's in bed with diphteria.

GROUP: Said the King

DAVID: What?

GROUP: Cried David

DAVID: Is that Greek bastard back in town?

GROUP: And he was thrown to the lions for insolence. The lions rose.

David grab a lion by the left nut.

LION: That tickles!

GROUP: Said the lion

DAVID: What tickles?

GROUP: Said David

LION: Testicles.

GROUP: Said the lion. And David was summoned to come forth. As David

came forth, he slipped on some camelshit. Shit flew at Random.

Random ducked, and the shit hit the King in the face.

KING: SHIT!

GROUP: Said the KING. And 69,000 squatted and groaned.

DAVID: Where's the Princess?

GROUP: Asked David

KING: Fuck the Princess.

GROUP: Said the King. And 69,000 were trampled to death, for the King's word was Law.

ADELINE SCHMIDT

There once was a maiden named
Adeline Schmidt,
She went to the doctor cause she
couldn't shit.
He gave her some medicine all
wrapped up in glass,
Up went the window and out went
her ass.

(CHORUS)

It was brown, brown shit
falling down.
Brown, brown shit all around,
It was brown, brown shit
Falling down.
The whole world was covered
With SHIT, SHIT, SHIT!

A handsome young copper was
walking his beat,
He happened to be on that side
of the street.
He looked up so handsome, he
looked up so shy,
And a great glob of shit hit him
right in the eye. (CHORUS)

The handsome young copper, he
cursed and he swore.
He called the young maiden a
dirty old whore.
'Neath London Bridge you can
still see him sit,
With a sign round his neck saying
blinded by shit. (CHORUS)

MARY ANN BURNS

Mary Ann Burns is the queen of all the acrobats
She can do tricks that would give a man the shits.
She can roll green peas off her fundamental orifice,
Do a double flip and catch them her tits.
She's a great big son-of-a-bitch oh, twice as big as me,
Hairs 'round her ass like branches on a tree.
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck, fly a plane, drive a truck,
Mary Ann Burnes is the girl for me.

SALLY IN THE ALLEY

Sally in the alley sifting cinders,
Raised up her leg and farted like a man.
The wind from her bloomers, broke six windows,
And the cheeks of her ass went:
BAM! BAM! BAM!

THE LITTLE BIRD

There was a little bird, no bigger than a turd,
A sittin' on a telephone pole.
He ruffled up his neck and he shit about a peck,
As he puckered up his little ass hole.
Ass hole, ass hole, ass hole, ass hole,
As he puckered up his little ass hole.

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO

(CHORUS)

Oh, Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye,

So, let's have another verse,
That's worse than the other verse,
And waltz me around by my WILLIE!

1. Fighter Pilots eat PUSSY!

There was a young man from Boston
Who traded his car for an Austin.
There was room for his ass and a
gallon of gas
But his balls hung out and he lost 'em.

There was a young man from Dundee
Who buggered an ape in a tree
The result was most horrid, all
ass and no forehead
Three balls and a purple goatee.

There once was a man of class
Whose balls were made of brass
When they swung together, they
played Stormy Weather
And lightning shot out of his ass.

There was a young man from Sparta
Who was the world's champion farter
On the strength of one bean, he
played God save the Queen
And Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

There once was a man from Rangoon
Who was born by the light of the moon
He had not the luck, to be born
by a fuck
But was a wet dream scooped up in a spoon

There once was a boy from Baclaridge
And he was his parents disparage
He sucked off his brother, and went
down on his mother
Ane ate up his sister's miscarriage.

There was aman from St. James
Who played most unusual games
He lit a match to his grandmother's
snatch
And laughed as she pissed thru the flames.

2. Your mother swims after troop ships.
3. Your sister eats batshit off cave walls.
4. Your grandmother douches with drano.
5. Your mother licks moose cum off pine cones.
6. Your mother does squat thrusts on fireplugs.
7. In China they do it for chili.

There once was a girl named Flo Varden.
Who went down on a guy in a garden
He said, "Listen Flo, where does all
stuff go?"
And she said, "(GULP), Beg pardon."

There once was pilot from K-2
Who buggered a girl down in Taegu
He said to the Doc, as he handed him
his cock
Will I lose both my testicles too.

In the garden of Eden sat Adam
With his hand on the butt of his madam
He chuckled with mirth, for he knew
on this earth
There were only two balls and he had 'em.

There was an old hermit named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in his cave
He said I'll admit, I'm a bit of a
shit
But think of the money I'll save.

An Argentine gaucho named Bruno
Said fucking is one thing I do know
All women are fine, and sheep are
divine
But llamas are numero uno.

There was a young man from New Brighton
Who said my dear you've a tight one
Said she oh, my soul, you have the
wrong hole
It's the one up in front that's the
right one.

There once was a man from Trieste
Who loved his wife with a zest
Despite all her howls, he sucked her
bowels
And deposited the mess on her breast.

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO (CONTINUED)

There was a young bishop from Birmingham
Who diddled nuns while confirmin' 'em
He brought them indoors, slipped down
their drawers.
And slipped his Episcopal worm in 'em.

There was a young man from Nottingham
Who stood on the bridge at Buckingham
Just watching the stunts, of the cunts
and the punks
And the tricks of the pricks that were
fuckin' 'em.

There was a young man from Kildair
Who buggered his girl on the stairs
The bannister broke, he doubled the
stroke
And finished her off in mid air.

There was a young queer from Khartoum
Who took a young lesbian to his room
They argued all night, as to who had
the right
To do what, with which, and to whom.

There was a young girl from St. Paul
Who wore a newspaper dress to a ball
Her dress caught fire, and burned
her entire
Front page, sports section and all.

There was a man named McGruder
Who wooed a nude in Bermuda
Now the nude thought it crude, to be
wooed in the nude
But McGruder was cruder, he screwed her.

There was a young man from Nantucket
Whose dick was so long he could suck it
He said with a grin, as he wiped off his
chin
If my ear were a cunt I could fuck it.

There once was a young man from Kent
Whose dick was so long that it bent
To save himself trouble, he put it in
double
And instead of coming, he went.

There once was a girl named Alice
Who used a dynamite stick for a phallus
They found her vagina, in South
Carolina
And a piece of her hymen in Dallas.

There was a professor from the Mall
Who possessed a hexahydroginal ball
The square root of it's weight, plus
his pecker times eight
Was four/fifths of five eights of
fuck all.

There once was a girl from France
Who boarded a train by chance
The engineer fucked her, and so'd
the conductor
And the brakeman went off in his pants.

There once was a man from Bombay
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay
The heat of his prick, turned the
clay into brick
And rubbed all his foreskin away.

There once was a girl named Gail
Between her tits was the price of her
tail
And on her behind for the sake of the
blind
Was the same information in Braille.

There was a young lady from Wheeling
Who had a peculiar feeling
She laid on her back, and tickled
her crack
And pissed all over the ceiling.

There was a young girl from Peru
Who said as the Bishop withdrew
The Vicar is quicker, he's also a licker
And considerably thicker than you.

There was a young priest from Dundee
Who went in the garden to pee
He said Pax Vo Biscum, why won't the
piss come
I guess I've got C-L-A-P.

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO (CONTINUED)

There was a young girl named Myrtle
Who was raped on the beach by a turtle
The results of the fuck, was two eggs
and a duck
Which proved that the turtle was fertile.

There was a young girl from Trass
Who had a magnificent ass
Twas not round and pink, as you
probably think
Twas gray, had four-legs and ate grass.

There once was a girl from the Azores
Whose cunt was all covered with sores
The dogs in the street, would not eat
the green meat
That hung in festoons from her drawers

There was a young man from Brock
Who tied a violin string to his cock
With just one erection, he couldplay
a selection
From Johan Sebastian Bach.

There was a young lady from Ransom
Who had it three times in a hansom
When she cried for more, a voice from
the floor
Cried my name is Simpson, not Sampson.

There was a young lady from Twilling
Who went to the dentist for a drilling
But because of depravity, he filled the
wrong cavity
And now she's nursing her filling.

There was a young couple named Kelly
Used vaseline petroleum jelly
But once in their haste, they used
library paste
And now they're stuck belly to belly.

There was a young lass named Alicee
Who peed in the Archbishops chalice
It was not from relief, as was the
belief
But purely from Protestant malice.

There once was a girl from Cape Cod
Who thought all babies came from God
But it wasn't the Almighty who lifted
her nighly
It was Roger the lodger the sod.

There once was a lady named LIL
Who swallowed an atomic pill
They found her vagina in North
Carolina
And one of her tits in Brazil.

There once was a pirate named Bates
Who was learning to rhumba on skates
He fell on his cutlass, which rendered
him nutless
And practically useless on dates.

There once was a monk from Mongolia
Whose life was lonlier and lonlier
One night just for fun, he took out a
nun
And now she's a Mother Superior.

There once was a girl from St. Paul
Who went to a masquerade ball
She had the affront to go as a
cunt
And got screwed by a dog in the hall.

There was a young lady from Decatur
Who was screwed by a big alligator
Nobody knew the results of the
screw
Cause after he laid her he ate her.

There was a young lady named Esther
Who said to the man as he undressed her
"If you don't mind use the hole
behind
The front one is beginning to fester."

There once was a young man named Clyde
Who fell in an outhouse and died
Likewise his brother, who fell in
another
And now they're interred side by side.

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO (CONTINUED)

There was a young man from Dakota
Who wouldn't pay a whore what he owed her
So with great savoir faire, she climbed
on a chair
And pissed in his whiskey and soda.

The bride of a farmer named Zaker
Was poked in her bed, by the baker
The baker cried, "What you call
this a Twat!"
Why the enterance, is more than an acre.

Cried and overhung fellow named Bowen
My pecker keeps growin' and growin'
It's got so tremendous, so long and
stupendous
It's no good for fuckin' just showin'!

There once was a pilot, named Paul
Who's cock was the longest of all
This appendage of his got his into
show biz
With a royal performance on call.

Now Paul found there's trouble in Fame
Every whore in the ville knew his name
And their unhidden fear, of his
fantastic gear
Put a halt, to old Paul's favorite game.

Now in hopes of relief to Seoul he went
Our pilot Paul, with his dick bent
And though folded in half, the whores
still feared his shaft
And the bend in his tool made a dent!

In Pusan, with a girl to his taste,
Paul dropped his drawers and enter in haste
But he didn't unfold when he entered
her hole
And he spilled his whole wadd, "What a waste.

There once was a Captain named Tuck
Who went into the ville for a Fuck
He spread open her legs, found ten
cockroach eggs
Three boogers, some scabs and green muck.

Now later when Tuck wiped his chin
He smiled, and he said with a grin
Didn't take her to heart till she
sprayed out a fart
That tasted like bird shit and gin.

I once asked a lady named Pott
Why does sucking your tits make you hot
Well if you must be blunt, they signal
my cunt
That it's going to get what you've got.

A fighter pilot named Tucker
While instructing a novice cock sucker
Said, don't puff. 'em out, like you're
blowin' your snout
Be gentle, and work with a pucker!

A young preacher, who was new to some
At persuasion was surely no bum
He preached fornication, to the whole
congregation
And was washed down the isle in the cum.

There was a lady from Gibraltar
Who accidentally fell into the water
By her howls and her squeals you could
tell that the eels
Had found her sexual quarter.

Oh, the Romans had great spacious halls
In which they held sexual brawls
Which would last so they say, for a
week and a day
There's no doubt those bastards had balls.

There once was a GIB from the sticks
Who didn't like cunts, only dicks
He told MPC find a place for me.
Now he's one of the boys who check six.

THE MAIL
(a poem)

FOON: Who will carry the midnight mail?
BRONCOS: We'll carry the midnight mail!
FOON: What about the Indians?
BRONCOS: Fuck the Indians!
FOON: You'd fuck an Indian?
BRONCOS: We'd fuck a duck!
FOON: You fowl fuckers!

FOON: Who'll carry the Red Rock mail?
BRONCOS: We'll carry the Red Rock mail!
FOON: What about the Lions?
BRONCOS: Fuck the lions!
FOON: You'd fuck a lion?
BRONCOS: We'd fuck a lion's mother!
FOON: You lion mother fuckers!

THE FIREMAN

Clang, Clang, Clang
And the God damn fire went out.
OH - 'to be a fireman
To ride a fire engine red
To say to a team of white horses
Give me Head, Give me Head, Give me Head

My father is a fireman
He puts out fires
My brother is a fireman
He puts out fires
My sister Sal is a fireman's gal
She puts out Too!

And your mother ---- Eats the milkman
Twice a week
Without her pants on!

HAIL BRITANIA

Hail Britania, marmelade and jam
Three Chinese crackers up her asshole
BAM,BAM,BAM

Hail Britania, marmelade and jam
One Chinese cracker up her asshole
BAM

Hail Britania, marmelade and jam
Two Chinese crackers up her asshole
BAM,BAM

Hail Britania, marmelade and jam
No Chinese crackers up her asshole

BY THE LIGHT

By the light, SSH,SSH,SSH --- SSH,SSH,SSH
Of the flickering match SSH,SSH,SSH, --- SSH,SSH,SSH
I saw her snatch SSH,SSH,SSH --- SSH,SSH,SSH
In a watermelon patch, Oh yeah
By the light SSH,SSH,SSH, --- SSH,SSH,SSH
Of the flickering match SSH,SSH,SSH --- SSH,SSH,SSH
I saw her gleam,
I heard her scream,
You are burning my snatch SSH,SSH,SSH, --- SSH,SSH,SSH
With your GODDAMN Match!!



LILLY WHITE KIDNEY WIPER

CHORUS (repeat after each verse)

With his lilly white kidney wiper
And balls the size of these
And a half yard of foreskin
Hanging down below his knees
Oh, hanging down
Oh, hanging down
With a half yard of foreskin
Hanging down below his knees

Oh, the lady of the mansion
Was dressing for the ball
When she spied a little peasant boy
A pissin' on the wall

So, she sent to him a letter
And in it she did say
I'd rather be fucked by you
Than by my husband any day

So, he mounted on his charger
And through the streets did ride
With his balls slung o'er his shoulder
And his cock lashed to his side

Uh, he rode into the courtyard
He rode into the hall
"My God" cried the butler
"He's come to fuck us all!"

Oh, he fucked the cook in the kitchen
He fucked the maid in the hall
But when he fucked the butler
'Twas the dirtiest fuck of all

Oh, he fucked them in the parlor
He fucked them on the beds
Lord save us, cried the chambermaids
We've lost our maidenheads

Then he mounted on his charger
And rode into the streets
With little drops of semen
Pitter-pattering at his feet

Oh, some say he went to heaven
Some say he went to Hell
They say he fucks the devil
And I know he fucks him well

SAMMY SMALL

Oh, my name is Sammy Small, Fuck 'em all
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, Fuck 'em all
Oh, my name is Sammy Small
And I've only got one ball
But it's better than none at all, Fuck 'em all

Oh, they say I killed a man, Fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I killed a man, Fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I shot him dead
With a piece of Fuckin' lead
Now the silly Fucker's dead, Fuck 'em all

Oh, they say I'm gonna swing, Fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I'm gonna swing, Fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I'm gonna swing
From a piece of Fuckin' string
What a silly Fuckin' thing, Fuck 'em all



SAMMY SMALL

Oh, the Sheriff will be there too,
 Fuck 'em all
Oh, the Sheriff will be there too,
 Fuck 'em all
Oh, the Sheriff will be there too
With his silly Fuckin' crew
They've got Fuck all else to do
 Fuck 'em all

Oh, the Parson he will come,
 Fuck 'em all
Oh, the Parson he will come,
 Fuck 'em all
Oh, the Parson he will come
With his tales of kingdom come
He can shove them up his bung
 Fuck 'em all

I saw Molly in the crowd, Fuck 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd, Fuck 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd
And I felt so Fuckin' proud
That I shouted right out loud, FUCK 'EM ALL

Oh, the hangman wears a mask,
 Fuck 'em all
Oh, the hangman wears a mask,
 Fuck 'em all
Oh, the hangman wears a mask
For his silly Fuckin' task
He can shove it up his ass
 Fuck 'em all

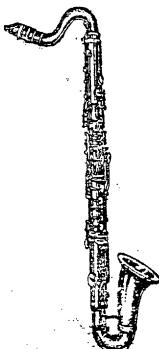
Oh, they say I greased the rope
 Fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I greased the rope
 Fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I greased the rope
With a piece of Fuckin' soap
What a silly Fuckin' joke
 Fuck 'em all

I fucked a dead whore by the roadside,
I knew right away she was dead
The skin was all gone from her tummy,
The hair was all gone from her head.

And as I layed down there beside her
I knew right away I had sinned
So I pressed my sweet lips to her pussy
And sucked out the wad I shot in
Sucked out, sucked out
I sucked out the wad I shot in, shot in
Sucked out, sucked out
Sucked out the wad I shot in.

I LOVE MY WIFE

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do, I love her truly
I love the hole, that she pisses through
I love her ruby red lips and her lilly white tits,
And the hair around her asshole
I'd eat her shit gobble, gobble, chomp, chomp,
With a rusty spoon, With a rusty spoon.



THE WILD WEST SHOW

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WELCOME TO THE WILD WEST SHOW!"

CHORUS: Oh, We're off to see the wild west show,
The elephants and the kangaroos.
No matter what the weather, as long as we're together
We're off to see the wild west show.

INTRO: "Ladies and gentlemen, in this corner we have the famous.....

RESPONSE: "Fantastic, incredible, tell us about the mother fucker!"

VERSES

Intro.....KI,KI,KI,KI Bird

Response

The KI,KI,KI,KI Bird is a very strange animal indeed. He flies along at 10,500' (without oxygen) looking for targets. He spies his prey, he folds his wings and starts down at a precomputed dive angle of 62½ degrees. Down he goes -- 5000', 3000', 1000 , 500', 50'. He puts out his wings, grabs his prey with his mighty talons and says -- "KI,KI,KI, Kirist that was close!!"

Chorus

Intro.....Fukawi Tribe

Response

The Fukawi Tribe is a very strange tribe indeed. They're a tribe of three foot tall pygmies living in four foot tall elephant grass. And they spend their whole life going around saying, "Where the fuck are we, where the fuck are we?"

Chorus

Intro.....Phanto-o-o-m Navigator

Response

The Phanto-o-o-m navigator is a very strange animal indeed. He's the only animal around that you can throw into a barrel of tits and he'll come up sucking his own thumb!

Chorus

Intro.....Lulu the tatooed lady

Response

Lulu the tatooed lady is a very strange lady indeed. She has a 'W' tatooed on one cheek and a 'W' tatooed on the other. When she bends over she spells 'WOW', and when she stands on her head she spells 'MOM'. But when she does cartwheels she spells "WOW MOM WOW".

Chorus

Intro.....Mathamatical impossibility

Response

The mathamatical impossibility is a very strange girl indeed. She's the only girl around who was eight (ate) before she was seven.

Chorus

THE WILD WEST SHOW (cont)

Intro.....Lulu the tatooed lady's sister

Response

Lulu the tatooed lady's sister is a very strange lady indeed. She has 'Merry Christmas' tatooed on one thigh and 'Happy New Year' tatooed on the other thigh. And she has all the Broncos up to eat between the holidays.

Chorus

Intro.....PFTTT bird

Response

The famous PFTTT bird is a very strange bird indeed. It's a bird that has a three foot long left wing and a four foot long right wing. It flies around in ever decreasing circles until it flies up it's own asshole and goes "PFTTT"

Chorus

Intro.....The OOH - AH bird

Response

The OOH - AH bird is a very strange animal indeed. He's a bird with a four foot long scrotum and only three foot long legs. And when he comes in for a landing he goes, "OOH ----AHHHHHH!!!"

Chorus

Intro.....The Rat - tat - tat - tat bird

Response

The Rat-tat-tat-tat bird is a cousin of the OOH - AH bird. He also has a four foot long scrotum with three foot long legs, but he lands on corrugated roofs and goes RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-.....

Chorus

Intro.....Peanut butter lady

Response

The peanut butter lady is a very strange lady indeed. She's the only lady in the world who when you eat her out, she sticks to the roof of your mouth.

Chorus

KOTEX SONG

(Tune - As the Caisson Go Rolling Along)

You can tell by the smell that she isn't feeling well,
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by her dance she has something in her pants,
When the end of the month rolls around.

For it's hi, hi, hee in the Kotex factory
Super!, Junior!, Band Aid!

For where 'ere you go, the blood will always flow
When the end of the month rolls around (Keep 'em bleeding)
When the end of the month rolls around.

MASTURBATION
(Tune - Finicule Finecula)

Last night I stayed at home and masturbated
It felt so good, I knew it would
Last night I stayed at home and masturbated
It felt so nice, I did it twice



Oh, you should see me do it on the long strokes
It felt so neat, I used my feet
Oh, you should see me do it on the short strokes
It felt so grand, I used my hand

Beat it, smash it throw it on the floor
Wrap it around the bedpost, slam it in the door
Some people seem to think it's great to fornicate
But I would rather stay at home at night and masturbate.

BYE BYE CHERRY
(Tune - Bye Bye Blackbird)

Back your ass against the wall
Here I come, Balls and all
Eye Bye Cherry!

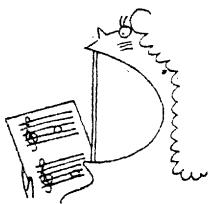
Won't your mother be disgusted
When she finds your cherry's busted
Bye Bye Cherry!

Wrap your legs around a little tighter
I can feel my load is getting lighter
Shake your ass and wiggle your tits
Till my little pecker spits
Cherry, Bye Bye!

I WANT TO PLAY PIANO IN A WHORE HOUSE

Oh, I want to play piano in a whore house
That is my one desire,
Some people may be bankers,
Or farmers out in Butte.
I just want to play in a house of ill repute.

Now you may think this strange, my advocation,
But cardinal copulation's here to stay.
I don't want fame or riches,
I want to play for those old bitches.
I want to play piano in a whore house.



Oh the harems of Egypt are fair to behold
And the maidens the fairest of fair
The fairest, a Greek, was owned by a shiek
One Abdul Abbulba] Amer

A traveling brothel was brought into town
By a Russian who came from afar
And a challenge went wide, as to who could outride
Count Ivan Skavinski Skavar

Now Abdul rode by with his hand on his fly
And his balls hanging low with desire
And he wagered a million, that he could outride
Count Ivan Skavinski Skavar

So this spectacle great was all set for a date
'Twas to be refereed by the Czar
And the streets were all lined, to see harlots entwined
With Abdul and Ivan Skavar

They met at the track with their tools hanging slack
And the starter's gun punctured the air
They were quick on the rise, people gasped at the size
Of Ivan Skavinski Skavar

The cunts were all shorn and no rubbers were worn
And Abdul revved up like a car
But he hadn't a hope, against the long greasy stroke
Of Ivan Skavinski Skavar

Now when Ivan had won and was cleaning his gun
He bent down to pick up his pair
When something red hot, up his rear track was shot
And Abdul the bastard was there

Then the harlots all screamed and the people yelled Queen
They were ordered apart by the Czar
But so fast they were stuck, it was fucking bad luck
For Abdul and Ivan Skavar

The cream of the joke when at last they were broke
It was laughed at for years by the Czar
For Abdul, the fool had left half his tool
In Ivan Skavinski Skavar

"LET'S HAVE A PARTY"

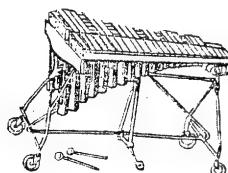
Parties make the world go round,
Parties make the world go round,
Parties make the world go round,
So let's have a party!

We're gonna tear down the bar in our club.
And then build a new bar. BOO
It's only gonna be one foot wide. RAY
But it'll be a MILE long. BOO
There'll be no bartenders in our bar. RAY
We're gonna have barmaids. BOO
Our barmaids will wear long skirts. RAY
And no BLOUSES. BOO
You can't take our barmaids home. RAY
They'll take you home. BOO
You can't sleep with our barmaids. RAY
They won't let you sleep. BOO
Beer's gonna be 50¢ a glass. RAY
Whiskey free. BOO
Only one drink to a customer. RAY
Served in Buckets. BOO
We're gonna throw all the beer in the river. RAY
Then we'll all go swimming. BOO
No girls allowed above the first floor. RAY
With their clothes on. BOO
There'll be no loving on the dance floor.
And there'll be no dancing on the LOVIN' floor. RAY

Parties make the world go round,
Parties make the world go round,
Parties make the world go round,
So let's have a party!

'THE BALLS OF O'LEARY'

The balls of O'Leary are wrinkled and hairy,
They're shapely and stately, like the dome of St. Paul.
The woman all muster to see that great cluster.
Oh, they stand and they stare at the bloody great pair
Of O'Leary's Balls.



BIG IRON WHEEL

A pilot once told me before he died,
I swear to God the bastard lied.
About a maid with a Twat so wide,
That she could never be satisfied.



CHORUS: Boob, twat twat... Boob, twat twat.

He fashioned for her a big iron wheel,
Attached to it was a big prick of steel.
Two brass balls all filled with cream,
And the whole fucking thing was run by steam.

CHORUS

Round and round went the big iron wheel,
In and out went the big prick of steel.
Until at last the maiden cried,
"Enough, enough, I'm satisfied."

CHORUS

The end of the story just doesn't quite fit,
The pilot tried, but he couldn't stop it.
The maiden was torn from twat to tit.
And the whole fucking thing went up in shit.

ANITA

Knock knock..., Who's there? Anita..., Anita who?

CHORUS: I need a gang bang, I always will, cause a gang
bang gives me such a trill. When I was younger and in my
prime, I used to gang bang all the ti...me.
But now I'm older and turning gray, I only gang bang once
a da...y!

Knock knock..., Who's there? Karen..., Karen who?
I need a suck, I need a fuck, and I ain't carin' who.

CHORUS

Knock knock..., Who's there? Wilma..., Wilma who?
I need a fuck, but my zipper's stuck, will my finger do?

CHORUS

HOLIDAY SONGS

A FEW EXTRA MELODIES TO ADD TO THOSE OFFICE CHRISTMAS PARTIES.

ODE TO A GREAT FUCKIN' SAR EFFORT

(With apologies to "The Night Before Xmas")

One fine day, just last summer
(Twas prior to a raid)
The jocks were hung over
From screwing the maid.

So with canopies open
And heads hung in grief
Their sorrows were many
Their crew rest too brief

The mission commander
By some marvelous feat
Got them all to the Anchor--
Cycled through, then did meet.

With those beautiful Thuds
Spread in "pod" -- Quite a force
The Phantoms moved in
Like the old Trojan horse.

The MIGs had been scrambled
Were headed out east
But the gunners are hosing
Eight-fives at our beast

Why the hell should they hate me
I cried in dismay
I'm egressing, you bastards
So play it my way.

But my cry went unheeded
As our bird took a hit
And I knew there and then
Things had just turned to shit.

Tho' my chances were nil
There was fuck else to do
But head for the Black
With our whole fuckin' crew

So in anger, and pissed
Did we drop the whole load
On that cock-suckin' gunner's
Kids, wife and abode.

There was no goddamn grief
As I cried out with glee
Eat your heart out, you bitch
For you'll never get me.

So with eighty percent
(That was all we could get)
We headed for North Point
With hopes of a TET

But 'twas mostly in vain
As we slung past the Red-
I knew that my ass
Was fuckin' near dead.

Cause Yen Bay came alive
Like the Fourth of July
The flak was so thick
That I wanted to cry.

As my two, three, and four
Broke down, left, then right
Leaving us solo
In the dwindling light.

Well ol' buddy, my number one
GIB says to me
It looks like there's just
Gonna be me and thee.

And with your goddamn luck
We should punch out at ten
So the rest of the fall
We can take with a grin.

For I know just goddamn well
As I sit here in fright
That both fuckin' chutes
Were packed wrong last night.

And I want you to know
He hastened to add
That in case we don't make it
Please don't get mad.

It isn't my fault
That the pod didn't work
I told you that twice
You dumb fuckin' jerk.

A tank didn't feed
The doppler was short
(you said) we'll get our counter
No matter what.

Well you got your first counter
It may be the last
Unless this old whore
Can take one more blast.

Shut your trap, and eject
Was the word of the day
So we punched, not at ten
But at two, so they say.....

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

On the first day of Christmas my true love gave to me.....

A hand job in the Bronco Bar
Two brass balls
Three French ticklers
Four cocksuckers
Five motherfuckers
Six sacks of shit
Seven scrotums swinging
Eight assholes aching
Nine nymphos nibbling
Ten tiny titties
Eleven lesbians licking
Twelve twats a twitching

JOY TO THE WORLD

Joy to the world, the bombs will come
Let's all go join the fun
The bridges, dams and power plants
The schools, the kids, and even ants
Will know the awesome sound
Of bombs hitting the ground
They'll shiver, they'll quiver
Gee, war is fun.

OH LITTLE TOWN OF HO-CHI-MIN

Oh little town of Ho-Chi-Min
How safe you think you lie
Beneath your ring of SA 2s
You think the "Fives" won't fly.

Yet through the cloud deck raineth
A deadly trail of bombs,
Too late for fear, the end is near.
How about that TBC???



A CHRISTMAS SONG
(Tune; God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen)

God rest ye merry Kimchee men
Let nothing you dismay
Remember North Korea
Will take your land some day

They'll burn your hootches
Rape your wives
And kill your children too
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy
Bring tidings of comfort and joy!

God rest ye merry Kimchee men
With no place left to hide
You know Kim Il Sung, will not rest
Til all of you have died

He'll fry your balls
In Makkolli halls
And all your whores he'll ride
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy
Bring tidings of comfort and joy!

Oh, when the Hawk comes out this year
You'll shiver in your coats
And throw up when you finally see
Just how your dead child bloats

The Chinks are coming yea, yea, yea
To sink your fuckin' boats
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy
Bring tidings of comfort and joy!

The parallel drawn years ago
At 38th and Vind
Did still fears for many years
And everything was fine

But soon the screamin' Communists
Will make it twenty-nine
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy
Bring tidings of comfort and joy!

God rest ye merry Kimchee men
Along the MDL
The North is coming south again
To blow you all to hell

They'll cremate Seoul
And fill the hole
With all the ROKs that fell
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy
Bring tidings of comfort and joy!

God rest ye merry Kimchee men
And all your families too
For Kim Il Sung, the time has come
To take this land from you

To fuck your wives, then take their lives
Brain wash your children too
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy
Bring tidings of comfort and joy!

You'll eat Shink shit to stay alive
There'll be no food for you
And if you can't find Kimchee shit
You'll gobble what they screw

Moist pubic hair, in underwear
And all that slimey goo
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy
Bring tidings of cpmfort and joy!

Now let me tell you honestly
What really has to be
There'll be no South Korea
Unless you pay this fee

Kill all the assholes from the North
"Before they get to ME"
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy
Bring tidings of comfort and joy!

1 CLISMAS SONG

Chestnuts roasting on a Thailand fire,
Bull frogs singing in the choir,
Samlars singing Ho, Ho, Ho
It's Melly Clismas you know.

Geicos clawing across the cold bare floor,
Flied lice cooking on the stove,
Tee Locks kissing neath the mistle toe,
It's Melly Clismas you know.

Sweet lips waiting for my tender kiss,
Garlic breath gets in my way.
VC's roasting in a napalm fire
Melly Clismas Uncle Ho.

Cripples limping down a small side street,
Napalm rising at their feet,
I dropped it low, but they went too slow,
Melly Clismas Uncle Ho.

VC making love near a rice paddy,
Tee Locks eyes are all aglow,
Twenty mike=mikes up his ass,
Tee Lock screaming go,go,go.

Wolf Pack sends greetings from old Robin Olds,
Chappie joined him over there,
We'll carry on, the stars will be bright,
Over Ubon Rajachtani tonight....



12 DAYS OF COMBAT

On the first day of combat the Air Force gave to me...

A pilot in a teak tree
Two rocket pods
Three fuel tanks
Four AIM 9s
Five thousand pounders
Six seven-fifties

Ho Chi Minh gave to me...

Seven SAMs singing
Eight flak sites firing
Nine MIGs a diving

The Air Force gave to me...

Ten Sandys searching
Eleven choppers whirling
Twelve days a-awaiting

DASHING THROUGH THE SKY

Dashing through the sky,
In a Foxtrot one-oh-five,
Through the flak we fly
Trying to stay alive
The SAMs destroy our calm
The MIGs come up to play
What fun it is to strafe and bomb
The T.R.V. today!

CHORUS



CBUs, Mark 82s, 750s too
Daddy Vulcan strikes again
Our Christmas gift to you

Heads up Ho-Chi-Min,
The Fives are on their way,
Your luck it has given in,
There's gonna be hell to pay
Today it is our turn,
To make you gawk and stare.
What fun it is to watch things burn
And blow up everywhere!!!!

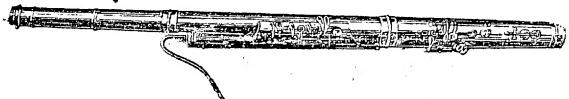
CHORUS

UNCLE JOHN & AUNTIE MABEL

(Tune - Hark the Herald Angels Sing)

Uncle John and Auntie Mabel, fainted at the breakfast table,
This should be sufficient warning, never do it in the morning

Ovalteen has set them right, now they do it every night,
Uncle John is hoping soon, to do it in the afternoon.
A---men.

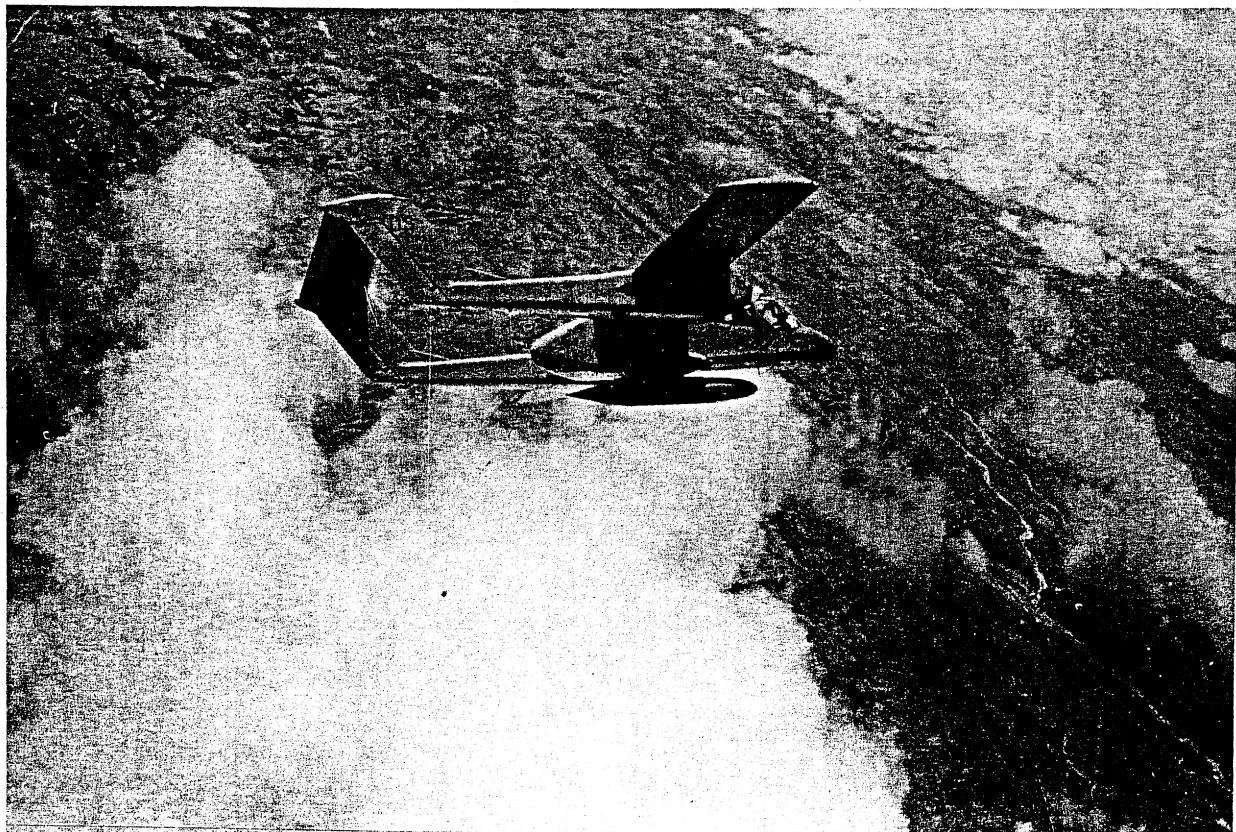


WE HAVE TRIED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGES TO COMPILE
A GROUP OF SOME BETTER KNOWN FIGHTER PILOT SONGS. WE
REALIZE THAT THESE ARE NOT ALL THE SONGS EVER WRITTEN,
BUT WE FELT THEY WERE THE MOST REPRESENTATIVE AND POP-
ULAR ONES. IF YOU HAVE ANY SUGGESTIONS OR ADDITIONS,
ESPECIALLY OTHER FAC/BRONCO SONGS, PLEASE DROP A LINE
TO THE ADDRESS BELOW. WE HOPE YOU ENJOY THE BOOK AND
SING ON IN THE TRUE FIGHTER PILOT SPIRIT.

LT BRUCE FOONMAN

19th TASS

APO SF 96570



THE FAC

SMALL AIRPLANES...SLOW AND UNPROTECTED...POWERED LESS BY ENGINES THAN THE FIGHTING SPIRIT OF THEIR PILOTS. THEY FOUND THE ENEMY IN SHADOWED JUNGLE GREEN, ON ROADS AND TRAILS, IN CAVES. THEY TOOK THE WAR TO HIM AND TAUGHT HIM THAT DEFEAT CAN COME WITH SMOKE AS WELL AS NAPALM, BOMBS AND GUNS. REMEMBERED PATTERNS IN BAMBOO AND LEAVES...MUDDY TRACKS ALONG A STREAM...A THREAD OF SMOKE FROM A COOKING FIRE...SOME SMALL CHANGE FROM YESTERDAY THAT MARKED THE SUBTLE ENEMY WHO THOUGHT HIMSELF UNSEEN.

THEY FOUGHT WHERE GROUND FIRE WAS HEARD AS WELL AS SEEN--THEIR ONLY ARMOR WAS THEIR SKILL, AND PRIDE IN BATTLES JOINED AND WON DESPITE THE ODDS. A SCARF...A CARTRIDGE BELT...A CALL SIGN RESPECTED IN THE AIR AND ON THE GROUND. FROM LONELY MOUNTAIN RUNWAYS, TREACHEROUS WITH SHIFTING WINDS, MUDDY JUNGLE STRIPS IN MONSOON RAINS...AHN KHE...LIMA 98...TIGER TOWN...DAK TO ...THE NAMES MEAN LESS WITH PASSING TIME, BUT LIKE A GHOSTLY SOUND OF WINGS THAT IS HEARD IN TWILIGHT ON AN EMPTY RAMP, THE MEMORY OF THEIR BRAVERY REMAINS.

VOCATION...1115

THE AVERAGE FIGHTER PILOT IS ONE PART LOVER AND TWO PARTS TIGER, WITH A DASH OF SANGFROID, A DOLLOP OF JOIE DE VIVRE, AND A HUNK OF WELTSCHMERZ THROWN IN FOR GOOD MEASURE. HE LIVES WITH A PERPETUALLY IRRITATED BUMP ON THE BRIDGE OF HIS NOSE WHERE HIS OXYGEN MASK RUBS, IS SLIGHTLY DEAF FROM LISTENING TO LOUD ENGINES AND RADIOS ALL HIS LIFE, HAS LOW BLOOD PRESSURE AND AN EVEN LOWER PULSE RATE, IS UNCOMFORTABLE ON THE GROUND IN ANYTHING BUT A TIGHT FITTING PHONE BOOTH, HAS TRIGGER REFLEXES, EYEBALLS ON THE BACK OF HIS HARD HAT, BROAD PERIPHERAL VISION, A ROCK-LIKE BOTTOM, AND EXTREMELY ARTICULATE HANDS (WITH WHICH HE DEMONSTRATES INNUMERABLE COMBAT MANEUVERS EACH DAY - BETWEEN CIGARS). HE ALSO HAS THE HABIT OF LOOKING AT HIS FINGERNAILS OFTEN TO SEE IF THEY ARE TURNING BLUE (THE BASIS OF HIGH-ALTITUDE OXYGEN MANAGEMENT).

HE BELIEVES PASSIONATELY THAT THE ONLY DEGREE WORTH HAVING IS A PH. D. IN FLYOLOGY, AND IS JUST AS FIRMLY CONVINCED THAT THE WORLD IS THREE DRINKS BEHIND AND THAT THERE WOULD BE NO MORE WARS IF PEOPLE WOULD ONLY CATCH UP. MANY THINK THAT HE IS TO BE REPLACED BY SOME SORT OF FLYING UNIVAC, BUT TO THIS HE REPLIES: "WHERE ELSE CAN YOU FIND ANOTHER NON-LINEAR SERVOMECHANISM WEIGHING ONLY 160 POUNDS AND HAVING SUCH UNUSUAL ADAPTABILITY THAT CAN BE PRODUCED SO CHEAPLY BY UNSKILLED LABOR?"

WHEN HE EVENTUALLY SPINS IN AND "BUYS THE FARM", HE WANTS TO DO IT WITH HIS BOOTS ON (WELLINGTONS, MODIFIED WITH ZIPPERS: \$23.50) AND LIVE FOREVERMORE IN A LAND POPULATED BY BLONDES...."WHERE WHISKEY FLOWS FROM TELEGRAPH POLES, AND THERE'S POKER EVERY NIGHT."